THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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BEATING THE BALL.

Lively Matches Between the Rival Gaelic Athletic Associations at the Cathedral Picnic.

Both Hurling and Football Games Carried Out With Creditable Spirit.

Saturday was observed as a regular holiday by the residents of the parish of the Holy Name, and except a few with whom strict business arrangements interferred, all the parishioners turned out to make Father Dore's picnic a grand success, and their object was well attained, as matters both from a financial and pleasure seeking point of view, must have satisfied the wishes of the most ardent supporters, and the fathers of the Holy Name parish may well feel proud of the respectable and orderly crowd who offered their patronage. The picnic was for a worthy object and every person present seemed to realize that fact. There were over a score of the clergy present, and all were busily engaged in seeing that order reigned supreme, and in this respect they were most successful. Several trains were despatched from the Illinois Central depot and each bore a good contingent, but the most heavily freighted was the 1:30, which was almost entirely occupied by the Gaels and their friends. After a pleasant hour's ride Schuth's Park was reached, and the large crowd was greatly augmented when the patrons of the old Gaelic pastimes flocked into the field. The grounds are well laid out in every respect, and especially adapted to field sport. The scenery in itself cannot be passed without a moment's thought, and must have reminded many of the Gaels present of the old scenes of their childhood. The gray old oaks raised their stately heads in the air and the river murmured by as if it were whispering old stories related in bygone days, when the picnickers gathering flowerets by the banks of the Shannon, Blackwater and Lee, or strolling through the honey-suckle meadows by the Barrow, the Boyne and Slaney. The old and lazy had a quiet stretch on the green sward, the young and blithesome enjoyed themselves at the various games or patronized the dancing platform, while the ardent admirers of the Gaelic sports made their way to the athletic grounds where two interesting contests took place in hurling and football. The hurling match which came off between the Innisfails of the West Side, and the Davitts, of the South Side, was the principal topic in Gaelic circles during the past week. Notwithstanding the Innisfails had defeated the Davitts on a recent date and carried off a set of gold medals, the concensus of opinion was in favor of the latter team At 3 o'clock the teams lined up when the referee set the ball in motion, and it was confined to neutral ground during the first ten minutes. The Innisfails, who were far more sure than their opponents, made a good rush and scored a point. The missile was again sent well into mid field by the Davitts' goal keeper, and was backed up by his team who soon invaded their opponents' territory and made a good effort to score a goal, but through the sturdy resistance of the Innisfails' backs were obliged to be content with a point. A good blow from the Innisfails' *cul baire* sent the ball again flying through the field, and was followed up by Reilly, whose play was much admired, and he was on several occasions complimented in the sweetest accents by some of the Innisfails' friends by the now well known Gaelic phrase of "Get there Reilly." The sounds seemed to have a magic effect on the young Gael as he kept always right on the ball and played a great game. The Innisfails kept the ball well in the Davitts' quarters, and soon scored another point and a goal. When the ball was again sent out the Davitts made a grand rush and scored a point which might have been converted into a goal, if the forwards had possessed a little better talent. The game throughout was well contested, and the Davitts brought the ball several times in close proximity to the Innisfails' posts but failed to score. At the call of time the score stood: Innisfails, 1 goal 4 points. Davitts, 3 points. Capt. Furlong, Ryan, Lehane, Ahearne and Hayes played well for the Davitts, while Reilly and O'Connell did good work for the Innisfails.

A football match then took place between the Columbias and Grattans. The match was a rough and hard contested one, and resulted in a victory for the former team by 2 goals and 5 points to 1 point.

The regular scheduled games of the season opened up on the Indiana street grounds on Sunday, when two good football contests took place. The games were one-sided but interesting, as there were some splendid exhibitions on both sides.

O'BRIENS VS. O'CONNELLS.

At 3 o'clock the teams lined up. Patrick McElligott, captain of the O'Connells, spun a coin for choice of ground. "Head," cried Capt. Fitzgerald, but the O'Briens' captain was not successful in winning the toss, so the O'Connells were awarded the choice, and elected to play toward the southern posts. When the ball was set rolling it was at once landed by the O'Briens and driven to the O'Connells' quarters, but was soon returned and a dash was made for the O'Briens' goal, but the O'Briens' *cul baire* was on the alert, and sent the leather flying back. The O'Briens then made a rush for goal when one of the O'Connells committed a foul close to the posts, granting a fall kick to the O'Briens, which fell was easily converted into a point. The ball was sent out again, but was at once returned by the O'Briens who, during the first half, added another point and a goal. After the change of sides the O'Briens had it pretty nearly all their own way, and kept constantly adding to their score. The O'Connells, however, made some good rushes, and brought the ball within thirty yards of the O'Briens' posts, when one of the latter team committed a foul. McElligott kicked off and scored a point. When the ball was sent out again the O'Briens followed it up, and during the remainder of the time confined the play to their opponents' territory, and when the referee's whistle sounded the score stood: O'Briens, 2 goals 3 points. O'Connells, 1 point.

The Wolfe Tones and Emeralds then took the field. When the leather was set rolling the Wolfe Tones, who are far more muscular men than the Emeralds, made a good rush and brought the ball to the Emeralds' backs, and after some good center plays scored a point. The kick from goal was well handled by the Emeralds. The ball was well passed along the side, but the Wolfe Tones' backs were too strong and always saved their goals The Wolfe Tones made another incursion and kept the ball well in their opponents' territory, and continued to add to their score, which at the call of time was 2 goals

OBITUARY.

MATTHEW J MURPHY.

The unexpected death of Matthew J. Murphy of Chicago, at Denver, Col., on the 23d ult., is deeply mourned by a large circle of Irish-Americans of this city. He was a young man, full of strong promise for the future, a young man who had already achieved considerable success. Although a little less than ten years a resident of this city, he had gathered about him an unusual number of warm friends. Beginning his Chicago life as a clerk in the great dry goods house of Gossage & Co., where he held one of the most trusted positions, he landed himself in a prosperous business of his own. Just when life appeared to him most valuable, and most replete with assurances of a successful future, he was cut down. Young Murphy was an ardent lover of his native land, of its people and its cause, and yet his course was so tempered with true Americanism that the friendships he formed were not circumscribed by the ties of nationality. He was born in the county Wexford, Ireland, thirty years ago. He was industrious and frugal in business, generous to a fault, a noble man in his friendship, and always a true friend of the land that gave him birth. His remains reached Chicago on Friday of last week, in charge of the Independent Order of Foresters, and were interred at Calvary, according to the rites of the Catholic church.

The Gaelic Class.

The school opened Aug. 23 with a class of thirty members present, whose proficiency can be equalled only by their enthusiasm for the cause of the advancement of the Gaelic tongue. It can truly be said that if they continue to improve as they have done since their first lesson, the success of the school is assured. Mr. P. M. O'Keefe, of Raymond, Iowa, to whom reference was made in a former report, sends us, to augment our library, the three primers and Dr. Joyce's Irish Grammar as a voluntary gift. A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. O'Keefe most heartily. We wish other friends of the cause would assist us in a similar manner.

On Sunday, Sept. 11, the first drill will be given in Irish by Mr. O'Gallagher preparatory to our application to the governor for a stand of arms for the full equipment of our Gaelic American Military Company; and we have the space in this building for all necessary evolutions. Let all who are not already equipped with a stout "blackthorn" call on the secretary for a hickory cane for temporary use.

I am authorized to announce that a friend has offered a gold medal, worth $10, suitably engraved, to the best reader of Mr. T. O'Neill Russell's translation into Irish of Emmet's speech before the scoundrel Norbury. The obverse of the medal will show the Irish harp tastefully twined with a cluster of shamrocks, and the faithful wolfdog at its feet. The reverse will bear the name of the successful competitor. None but those who have joined the present class will be eligible; and the judges are to be President Rawleigh, Vice-President O'Gallagher, and the secretary, who are debarred from entering the lists as competitors.

The class meets in City Clerk Van Cleave's office, City Hall, from 3 to 5 p. m., Sundays.

MAURICE CRHAN, Sec'y.

Swamps

Are not the only abode of malaria. You find it everywhere, even in localities where atmospheric and sanitary conditions would seem to be unfavorable to its development. The universal remedy for and preventive of the dire complaint is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Wherever the malady assumes its most virulent form, and whether it be chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague or ague cake, the Bitters is most popular and constitutes the best means of protection and cure. From Maine to the Isthmus of Panama, in Guatemala, Mexico, South America and the tropics this truly famous medicine has won "golden opinions" from all conditions and classes in more than a metaphorical sense. For debility, indigestion, constipation, rheumatism, insomnia, neuralgia, liver and kidney trouble it is highly efficacious. Use it with persistence.

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We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20 $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SALT SEA AIR.

Miss Eleanor Kirk Sniffs It and Grows Correspondingly Eloquent.

Nothing on the Atlantic Coast Equals Noyes Beach, Rhode Island.

PARADISE, Otherwise, Weekapaug, or Noyes Beach, Aug. 29.—"You don't mean that you are going to let that stand?" a conservative friend, who was looking over my shoulder, remarked.

"Indeed I am. Why not?"

"Principally, because many of your readers will not understand, and then there may be those who will think that such a heading savors of impiety"

"But you have called it Paradise many times."

"Yes, but that was among ourselves."

"Then we have a right to be impious among ourselves?"

"Oh, pshaw, you know what I mean. Rub it out."

I laughed, but I did not heed. There may be other places, in other climes, where, with keener perceptions and a more developed spirituality, I shall be able to find more beauty, but so far this is the paradisical point. In other words, Noyes Beach, on the southern coast of a wide awake State as we have in the Union, and which I have the honor to own as my birthplace—Rhode Island.

Some of my friends will remember previous enthusiasms on the same subject, and now, as I look out on the illimitable ocean and hear the breakers pounding against the shore, all that I have ever said or ever thought in the past seems tame and mean.

Those of us who look beneath the surface and are interested in things unseen as well as things seen, realize that there is a spiritual atmosphere as truly as they recognize a material one, if indeed any atmosphere can be said to be material.

They also know that if an environment is perfectly suited to both soul and body it is to all intents and purposes, Paradise.

To begin with, there were never such clouds as Rhode Island clouds, and Italy's sky is not more blue and tender.

"I don't suppose that you will hint that there was ever a fog in this earthly paradise," my companion remarked at this critical point. "If I am not very much mistaken I see a bank now looming up from the southwest."

This was unkind, but then there are fogs and fogs, and Rhode Island fogs, like Rhode Island women—residents, I mean—are particularly fascinating. Once in a while, only semi-occasionally, a dainty, impalpable mist diffuses itself over the sea, and comes floating and curling up over the meadows.

It is a very considerate fog, for it rarely intrudes upon our piazzas or into our bed rooms, and our clothes are as dry in a Rhode Island mist as under the influence of a mid day sun. Then this charming mist is never in our immediate vicinity, and although it may appear somewhat dense ahead it is only a seeming. Before we get there it has vanished. I love a misty morning. I like to see the ghostly vessels go sailing by, and see my tall neighbor looking twelve feet high at least, throw off his overcoat of cloud and come radiantly toward us.

"Gorgeous morning," he says, and I can always be depended upon to answer from the bottom of my heart—"Yes, indeed."

Then what an inspiring sight it is to see this intangible wetness rolled up and whisked away—where and how nobody knows. I never realize this fact so perfectly as when I am here on the edge of the sea, but it does not disturb my Paradise, because I realize how delightful it is to learn, and the more there is to master the happier I shall be. To know it all would be like signing and sealing one's eternal death warrant.

To attempt to account for the spiritual atmosphere of a place is not easy, but there are certain conditions which obtain at Noyes Beach which certainly help one to definite conclusions. In the first place it is not a spot to attract the women whose sole aim in life is to exhibit their toilettes, or the men who care for piazza flirtations and cocktails. Noyes Beach is the summer abode of sensible and cultured folk, those who love nature and can find royal entertainment at her hands. Then there are literally no social exactions. Every morning there are jolly gatherings at the two famous bathing beaches, and then each goes his or her independent way. The latch-string of all the cottages are always on the outside and visitors are always welcome, but it is never "do come," or "why don't you come," or "I think you are real mean not to come." Add to this all the glory of sky and sea, beach, breakers, ponds, woods, and woodsy drives possible to conceive of, and who shall say that I erred in my designation of the location?

I haven't said anything about fish, or clams, or Rhode Island johnny-cakes, but these are included in the material advantages, with many other good things which are indigenous to this part of the world.

For the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with the Rhode Island coast, I will say that Noyes Beach is six miles east of Watch Hill, and connected by a splendid beach which, on account of its marble hardness, is much used by pedestrians. Narragansett Pier is eighteen miles east of Noyes Beach, while Block Island is about the same distance, south and across.

In the morning one wishes that the beautiful days would never end, but when the sun goes down and darkness begins to envelop the sea and the land, then the thought of the bed and the blanket is most agreeable. All the nights are cool here, and the song of the sea, persistent, rythmical, and melodious, lulls us to sweet forgetfulness.

Such is my Paradise and one which after considerable travel and experience I have never known excelled or even approached.

There are well known names here, among them, Mr. F. C. Buffum, the great orange and lemon grower of Lake Weir, Fla.; the Hon. John A. Taylor, ex-corporation counsel of Brooklyn; Mr. Barclay Foster, of the Phœnix Bank, Westerly; Dr. Phebe Waite, dean of the New York Woman's Homeopathic College; Mr. Frederick Bellamy, the well known lawyer of Brooklyn, and many others. The cottages at this point are very artistic and convenient, and there is litterally no end to the enjoyable resources of the place If you dont believe me go and investigate for yourselves. ELEANOR KIRK.

No. 698 Greene avenue.

Great Britain and Home Rule.

We hear a good deal of the fact that there is a plurality of seventeen M.Ps in Great Britain against Home Rule. But it is equally true and a great deal more significant that the majority of the voters in the contested elections in Great Britain is in favor of Home Rule. No fewer than 16,104 more electors went to the poll in favor of Gladstone's policy than those supporting the glorious cause of the Union. —*Star.*

Irish Literary Society.

The inaugural address of the new National Literary Society was delivered in the Antient Concert Rooms, Dublin, on the evening of Aug 17 by Dr. Sigerson. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy presided, and a fairly large audience, despite the inclemency of the weather, heartily greeted the lecturer. Dr. Sigerson's address was singularly appropriate and interesting. There was one remark contained in Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's speech inaugurating the proceedings of the meeting which calls for comment. Referring to the different statues which adorn our streets, and which for the most part commemorate some of our great men, he said that it was a shame that the names of such tyrannical scoundrels as Sackville, Essex, Dorset, and others of the same kidney should be attached to some of the finest streets to be found in the Three Kingdoms. The corporation are doing much to remedy this state of affairs. The meeting was also addressed by Miss Maud Gonne, Mr. W. B. Yeats, the Hon. John F. Fitzgerald of Boston, Mass., U.S.A.; Mr. John O'Deary, and Mr. Richard Ashe King. The objects of the society have been already explained, so that we have nothing more to say except wish the Irish National Literary Society every success in its endeavors to bring about a revival of Irish literature.—*Independent*

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Good Farm Land For Sale.

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C, R I & P R R, and has a population of about 3000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machine shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $30 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington" just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

Elegant Service

At 5:45 p. m., the "Fast Train" leaves Chicago, via the Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and the iron towns, composed of through Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers to Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire St. Paul and Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, making close connections at Union Depot, St. Paul, with the new train which has just been placed in service via the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Pacific Coast, leaving St. Paul daily at 9 a. m. At 10:45 p. m. the "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago for the Pacific Coast via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleepers, running through to Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash., without change. For tickets, time tables, berth reservations, etc., apply to city ticket office, 205 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or to James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers does its work thoroughly, coloring a uniform brown or black, which, when dry, will neither rub, wash off, nor soil linen.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The "Catholic Times" Scores the Liberals of Rome for Alleged Illiberality.

Another Englishman to be Elevated to a Cardinalcy.

From Rome.

LIBERALISM AS UNDERSTOOD IN ROME

The conduct of the Roman "Liberals" has merited the indignation of all civilized nations, and the whole European press teems with sympathy for the insulted, and condemnation of the intolerant so-called friends of liberty, who never lose an opportunity to outrage the very name. "Indulgence of every kind for us; severity of the strictest kind for all others" would seem to be their generous device. The Catholic societies of the grand old ecclesiastical city took a great liberty on Sunday last, for they know the pretensions of the radical Romans of the present day, whose banners, music, and vivas only must be heard in the streets of Rome. Perish all others who presume to raise their voices. "We will have liberty—but liberty as we alone can understand the word." Their insupportable demonstrations are tolerated by the population who, generally speaking, are peaceable and Christian, and whose dignified attitude should be a lesson to these firebrands of discord. Let but the friends of religion and the Holy Father dare to take advantage of the common right of citizens, the so-called Liberals arise in their wrath, and scenes of brutality worthy of savages are the result. And they are so inconsistent in all their acts that they render themselves the laughing stock of the world. Take for example the statue raised to the memory of the scandalous renegade, Giordano Bruno, more in the intention of insulting the Vatican and Catholics than for any particular affection felt for the apostate monk. As though in derison of the very idea of liberty, they have not even allowed their hero the freedom of appearing before the public in his own chosen style of clothing after he had sold himself to their master! No; they have forced him to again don the habit which he outraged and discarded, and have riveted it to his body in sheets of bronze. In our humble opinion Giordano, standing in the market place with his crossed arms and scowling face, seems to reproach his atheist admirers: "And you, even you, who call yourselves unbelievers, have, in spite of myself, condemned me to forever bear this habit which proclaims the servant of that God whom I have told you I will have none of." And the ever-ready Italian "*Maledizione!*" seems to descend upon his sneering admirers from the angry bronze lips of their sorry hero.

MGR. STONOR.

From a reliable source I learn that Monsignor Stoner will most certainly be raised to the Cardinalate in the next Consistory. This announcement will be received with pleasure by the Anglo-American colony, as well as by the numerous intimate friends of his Grace among the Roman nobility. The courtesy and benevolence of Archbishop Stonor towards his compatriots, and constant charity among all classes, have rendered him very popular in Rome.

SACRILEGIOUS SCENES.

The scenes of Sunday last had a wind-up worthy of the whole proceeding. During the night, some of the rioters, who had insulted their own compatriots whose religious opinions were not the same as theirs, set fire to the Church of St. Andrea della Valle. The door of the ancient and beautiful edifice, however, was all that suffered, and today its blackened and crumbling ruins frowns upon the impious wretches who have once more proved to the world that the gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church of God. The remarks from the crowd who daily occupy the steps of the church, are a proof that the anti clerical set are heartily execrated by the great majority of Romans, and that the so-called "liberty" granted to all is a fraud that every one now sees through. By reason of this sacrilege, St Andrea della Valle remained closed on Monday, and the Quarant 'Ore Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament had to be transferred to the Church of St. Susan.

THE FAMOUS AUDIENCE.

The scandalized airs of certain persons at Rome when it was known that the venerable pontiff had granted a private audience to the authoress, Madame Severine, have caused no little amusement to the more liberal-minded. They would have it believed that the Vatican had even been guilty of giving a perverse example! For months the French papers of a certain class have taken pleasure in wilfully distorting the intentions and desires of Pope Leo XIII., and have not spared him their ironic criticisms on every possible occasion. But Leo XIII. is of his time and not to be intimidated by newspaper stage thunder. But why consent to be interviewed by Madame Severine? All sovereigns of today accept the necessity of being now and then interviewed. But she is well known to have bravely defended grand and generous subjects in the Parisian newspapers, and is recognized to be a most talented writer. Therefore, taken of itself, the interview cannot be condemned, and the impression which it has made is most favorable to the church and her supreme head upon earth. As to the descriptive portrait of his Holiness Leo XIII., it is a perfect *chef d'œuvre* of beautiful writing. Those who, in paying attention to the personality of Madame Severine, have given a signal proof of narrow mindedness, which finds no echo in the hearts of sensible people. May not all approach the benign presence of the Father of the Faithful in the nineteenth century.

THE LIBERALS AND COLUMBUS.

The Roman Liberals are to crown their Christopher Columbus on Sunday. This means that the Christian Christopher has been vanquished, and the one claimed by the powers of darkness and anti Christianity has triumphed (*sic*)

BRIEF ITEMS.

The Feast of St. Claire was kept both in Rome and Assisi with solemnity on Friday.

Few persons probably have made the observation that his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. was once titular archbishop of Damietta, which title is at present held by Mgr. Persico, secretary of propaganda fide.

The Maestro d' Camera of his Holiness, Mgr. Cagiano de Azevedo, has quitted Rome for a short holiday.

The general of the Franciscans was received in special audience by the Pope on Sunday. The general of the Christian Brothers schools was afterwards admitted to the same honor.

The Anglicans of Rome, not satisfied with their numerous and useless establishments, which are such an ugly feature of the city, quite recently tried to buy a house which is situated close beside the Vatican gardens for the object of building a Protestant church and school house. When the Pope was informed of this by his majordomo he immediately gave orders for the building to be bought at any sacrifice, and it is now about to be converted into a dwelling for the Vatican servants.

ORDINATION OF PRIESTS.

On Tuesday week, in the church of St. Ignatius, the following ordinations took place: From the North American College—Ordained priests, Revs. Andrew B. Meehan, Scottsville, N.Y.; Thomas Lynch, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Denis O'Driscoll, New York City. Sub-deacons: Revs. A. E. Breen, Rochester, N.Y; Edmund Gibbons, Buffalo, N.Y, William Turner, St. Augustine, Florida; Simon Orf, St. Louis, Mo.; Edward Higney, Providence, Rhode Island; Thomas McGee, Providence, R.I.; Francis Dolan, Boston, Mass.; Edmund Shanahan, Boston, Mass.; Michael Carroll, Wheeling, West Va; Henry Plamondon, Burlington, Vt.; Hubert Behr, Newark, N.J.; Patrick Leonon, New York City. From the Irish College: The Rev. Hugh McDwyer, of the diocese of Raphoe.

THE RECTOR OF THE IRISH COLLEGE

After an absence of some months the Very Rev Father Kelly, rector of the Irish College, returned to Rome a fortnight ago, and was received in special and private audience by the Holy Father on the same day. The students and rector are now enjoying their summer vacation at Tivoli, in their country house, where they also have the benefit of the celebrated Acqua Albule Baths. The rector is of opinion that in order to produce a good army of defenders of the church, it is necessary to fortify the soldiers physically as well as morally, and he devotes himself with the greatest abnegation to the welfare of the young students confided to his care.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

Irish Catholic News.

The following changes have been made by his Lordship the bishop of the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin: Rev. J. E. Delaney, C.C., from Leighlinbridge to Paulstown; Rev. Aiden Kennedy, C.C., from Philipstown to Leighlinbridge; Rev. P. O'Donnell, from Borris to Edenderry; Rev. G. Gowing, from Suncroft to Emo; Rev. Father Handrick, from Emo to Suncroft; Rev. Father Bolger, from Edenderry to Borris.

As already announced, the solemn dedication of St. Macarten's Cathedral, Monaghan, will take place on tomorrow (Sunday.) Rarely do so many of the Irish prelates take part at the same time in any ecclesiastical ceremony. The archbishop of Dublin will celebrate high mass, the archbishop of Cashel will preach, and the bishop of Clogher will preside. A specially powerful choir has been organized for the occasion, and arrangements are being made for the accomodation of visitors. A special train will leave Amiens street station at 7.20 a.m., and we feel sure that many citizens will be found availing themselves of the service.

On the Feast of the Transfiguration, at the Convent of Mercy, Charleville, Miss B. Hogan (in religion Sister M. Teresa), daughter of Thomas Hogan, Oldtown House, Tullaroan, county Kilkenny, had the happiness of receiving the black veil.

The Rev. Father Leybourn, O.C.C., will be engaged in Strabane till the 6th of September, giving two retreats.

Father McLaughlin gave a mission at the Catholic church, Hollyford, county Tipperary. The mission was attended by large congregations.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremmer's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Two Harvest Excursions.

HALF RATES TO THE WEST.

Aug. 30 and Sept. 27. On these dates the BURLINGTON ROUTE will sell tickets from Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis to the farming districts of Nebraska, Colorado and Northern Kansas. Half rates will apply, and tickets will be good for twenty days. Nebraska in one year produced three hundred million bushels of corn, besides other grain, fruit and live stock. Write for free pamphlets, maps, etc., to P. S. EUSTIS, G. P. A., Burlington Route, Chicago, Ill.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Field of Fontenoy.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gaul and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

BOOK II:—CHAPTER XI.

"Hark! a martial sound is heard—
The march of soldiers, filing, drumming;
Eyes are staring, hearts are stirred—
For bold recruits the brave are coming."

From Ypres the regiment marched to Courtrai, where King Louis had concentrated his vast army, upwards of 120,000 men; and great was the wonder of the Irish as they came in view of the imposing military spectable afforded by the grand camp, a canvas city covering the face of the plain, gay with numerous stately pavilions and flags and streamers of all colors.

Military life was never so gay as at Courtrai, Louis endeavoring to make his "game of kings" as enjoyable as possible. In the centre of the camp was the portable theatre wherein Madame Chantilly appeared nightly on the boards, when her adorer flung his bouquets and clapped his hands in all the fervor of *la grande passion*.

Here, one night, on the skirts of the camp, Murty M'Andrew narrowly escaped being shot by a sentinel through his making a characteristic mistake about the password—a mistake also ascribed to another man of the Brigade. The password was "Saxe," but Murty when challenged gave it as "bags";

At Courtrai Fergus found a very affectionate billet-doux waiting for him from his betrothed.

"Ciel! how I am ever thinking of you," wrote Eloise in the warmth of her impulsive, girlish heart—"how I long to see you once more! I am always praying for you to our good patron, your native St. Fursey. Peste! how much longer will this wretched war last to keep you from me?"

With what silent rapture he kissed the perfumed three-cornered missive and placed it in his bosom with the treasured braid of black hair. There was not a prouder or more jubilant individual than he that day in the entire immense camp.

He was glad to meet once more the brother of Eloise. One fine day as the king's gilded coach rolled past where he stood, escorted by the magnificent Black and Grey Mousquetaires—now well recruited after their fearful cutting up at Dettingen—he saw the young Count de Peronne in his place in the ranks of the former corps; and next day he had a cordial interview with him after morning parade.

"What think you, mon ami?" said René, with a laugh of amusement—"your sometime adversary, the Chevalier de Riveul, has been at the chateau to cry 'peccavi' for his misconduct that night in Paris. The poor devil pleaded hard for forgiveness—so hard, indeed, that neither the countess nor Eloise could well refuse him. Funny enough, they say he appeared quite sincere in pleading penitence and reform—morbleu! penitence and reform the nephew of Maurice de Saxe! *Ouf, c'est incroyable!*"

O'Ronan pondered the matter well and arrived at the conclusion that the chevalier, seeing the error of his ways, had possibly decided on turning over a new leaf. But his opinion was rather shaken the same evening by the appearance in his tent of an officer of the Carbinieres bearing the long delayed cartel from his rival.

On receipt of the challenge, which was couched in terms of the most faultless courtesy, he dismissed its bearer with the promise of sending him a gentleman to arrange preliminaries, and then hastened to request Fitzgerald to act as his second. The latter consented to do so; but the hostile meeting was destined to have further postponement.

That very night tidings of an alarming nature arrived in camp, and ruffled the bosom of King Louis. The Prince of Lorraine had swept into Alsace, driving Marshal Coigny into his lines at Vecersemburg; his generals Nadasdi and Trenk had crossed the Rhine in boats with 9,000 Hungarian hussars and pandours, and their pickets had already appeared within sight of Luneville.

Next morning there was a prodigious mustering and marching, a striking of tents and blowing of trumpets and rolling of the *generale*, as full two-thirds of the great army, or 80,000 men, set out under the monarch's command to drive the foe out of Alsace. The Carabinieres, with De Riveul, were among the first to march, so the projected duel had to be put off *sine die*.

Lally once more assigned his company to Glascock, and accompanied the departing force as aide-de-camp on the staff of the king. The veteran Count Buckley also went with it, but his regiment remained with the others of the Brigade at Courtrai, in the army under the command of Marshal Saxe.

Much dismay reigned here when the news came that Louis had fallen dangerously ill at Metz, on his way to encounter the enemy; but soon afterwards came the cheering intelligence that Coigny had defeated the latter, driven him before him, and entered Fribourg in triumph.

But now the allies were on the Belgian frontier, 70,000 strong, threatening to overwhelm the French army, only 45,000, opposed to them under Saxe. It was now that the splendid generalship of the latter shone out most markedly. With the comparatively small force at his command he so perplexed and outmanœuvred the allied generals that with all their vast force they were able to effect nothing of any consequence; their conduct causing an outburst of angry censure in London and a shout of scorn and ridicule in Paris, where they were made the subjects of farces and pantomimes.

O'Ronan, during this display of his commander's skilful tactics, was engaged in several brisk skirmishes with the enemy's videttes. He came off uninjured, though now and then he heard the balls whistling unpleasantly near to him, when his men were blazing away at the red and yellow uniforms in front of them.

Early in the autumn he was dispatched on volunteer duty of a very peculiar and critical kind. It was that of collecting the numerous Irish deserters from British regiments who were continually appearing on the frontier, and directing them to the quarters of the Brigade. Several of these men, unable to get away from Ireland as Wild Geese, had actually enlisted in the British service for the purpose of deserting to the Brigade of their countrymen when they had arrived on the continent. On reaching the Brigade they were put on military pay by order of the French government, at the rate of six sols six decimes per day to each man; for, although most of the Irish regiments were complete, the government had in contemplation the formation of another.

As a companion in his undertaking he selected Murty MacAndrew, who willingly agreed to accompany him. For the better success of their plans the pair adopted the garb of Flemish peasants, in which disguise they penetrated far into country in possession of the enemy. Proceeding beyond Mons they plunged into the great forest of Soignies, through which ran the highway from Brussels, by which the greater number of deserters were wont to escape.

Our hero's long residence in French Flanders had made him tolerably proficient in the Flemish tongue. Besides, he was skillfully "got up" for the *rols*, and had small difficulty in passing for a genuine "son of the soil." Murty, who in his character of Flemish boor looked an excellent subject for the pencil of Teniers, plumed himself on being an out-and-out master of French, but his enjoined course was to keep silent and alert. Both carried knives and pistols beneath their garments, and were prepared to defend their liberties at all hazards; for, if captured and their disguise seen through, there was a great and unpleasant probability of their being hanged as spies.

As the highway was continually traversed by squadrons of Dutch and British cavalry, they quitted it a league beyond Mons and proceeded eastward by the woodland road, which brought them at nightfall to a straw-roofed village nestling in the heart of the forest.

"The village of Roeux," said Fergus, consulting a small map which he carried in the lining of his hat; "we are rather out of our way here, Murty, but I fancy we will have to stay in it for the night."

"Bar that! there are lads there that'll object to it," was the reply, his companion's quick eye catching the gleam of a redcoat in the village street.

"Pooh, man! There's nothing to be afraid of. The enemy's soldiers are there, sure enough, but they'd hardly interfere with two honest peasants traveling to Nivelles. Come along—we shan't be long in finding a bed."

"Bathershin!—under the provost's tree," and Murty carefully looked to the priming of his pistols, as they resumed their way towards the village.

The night promised to be a dismal one of rain and storm. The wind kept up a hoarse, monotonous roar through the dells and dingles of the vast forest, an inky cloud overspread the sky, and a heavy shower burst upon them as they reached the first house of the village.

It was a large, straggling building, standing apart from the rest in a rectangle of poplars. Very lonely and gloomy it looked in its isolation; but as they gazed over the hedge that separated it from the roadway a bright, cheerful glow in the lower windows invited them to approach. They did so, heedless of the loud barking set up by a watch-dog the moment they had passed the wicket.

"Who's there?" demanded a sharp, peremptory voice as they knocked at the door—a voice speaking in English.

"Two poor peasants, belated in a strange district," replied Fergus in Flemish.

"Go to the devil out of that!"

"We'd better take his advice," suggested Murty.

"Don't be an omadhawn," whispered the other; "we can humbug the John Bulls better than we could the Dutchmen." And he repeated his application for admission.

There was a murmured discussion inside, and then the door was thrown open. Obeying an invitation *not* couched in the most polite language, our pair of adventurers entered and quietly seated themselves near the mountainous dresser. Then they noted the other occupants of the apartment. The light of several roaring logs showed them the figures of an aged peasant, his wife, and grand-daughter, grouped on one side of the hearth, and those of about half a dozen men, some in British uniforms, some in civilian garb, ranged in a semi-circle before it. These guests had a jaded and wayworn look, their clothing being torn and covered with dust.

"How goes the night, my man?" inquired one of them in broken Flemish of Fergus, who repressed a start of recognition as his gaze rested on the man's face.

"It threatens to be a very wild night indeed."

"Bedad, boys," exclaimed another of them, in an accent there was no mistaking, "I'm thinkin' we might as well be movin', no matter if it was raisin' cats and dogs. We don't know the minute that we may be overtaken—and then we know what to expect."

Fergus crossed the floor and laid his hand on the first speaker's shoulder.

"You are deserters from the British army?"

"Right you are, my boy. But how the dickens, boor, do we find you speaking English?"

The man sprang to his feet, his example being followed by several of his companions. Several angry, inquiring voices rang through the kitchen.

"Don't be uneasy, boys. Your name, friend, is Flanagan; once on a time you were a turnkey in Castlebar jail, and you allowed two prisoners to escape—one of them Count Lally, the other your humble servant. No doubt, you recollect the affair?"

"I have good reason to," responded the man addressed, "for Bingham and the governor refused to believe my story, and I narrowly escaped hanging. I was dismissed my situation and had to join the line. But what under the sun brings you here?"

"I am an officer in the Irish Brigade, sent to bring such ramblers as you to your destination," said Fergus, and proceeded to describe his mission. When he had concluded, the voice of the storm without sounded very loud. The rain pattered heavily on the window panes, large drops fell down the chimney and hissed on the blazing logs, and the vivid flash of the lightning shone again and again through the casement.

"No moving abroad tonight," exclaimed one of the men, lighting his pipe and settling himself comfortably on the ruddy hearth. "Bad luck to the dragoon within four leagues of us; so I think we'll be time enough to start at the peep of day."

Several of the others echoed his opinion.

"Dismal night truly," said the old proprietor of the house, shivering even in his seat in the chimney corner as he listened to the increasing roar of the storm; "saints guard us! it makes one think of the night when the snow was red with the blood of the innocent."

"What blood! what innocent?" inquired Flanagan.

"Of the martyred brother of St. Fursey," replied the old man—adding, "Marguerite here can tell you the story."

He gently stroked the head of his grandchild, who sat at his feet—a plump, rosy-cheeked little girl, her hair falling down her back in two long ribbon-bound plaits.

"St. Fursey again," thought Fergus, the name carrying his mind back to Peronne and his betrothed. "Ay, tell us the story, like a good girl," he said to the little maid.

Thus encouraged, she began:

"Foillan was an Irish saint, and younger brother of the great St. Fursey of Lagny. He received from St. Gertrude of Nivelles a gift of the domain of Fosses, where he he built a grand church and monastery, whose tower is to be seen to this day. Seven years after the death of his brother Fursey, it happened that he was on a visit to St. Gertrude at the convent of Nivelles; and he left there on the last day of October to return to his own monastery, where his other brother, Ultan, was awaiting him. But before returning to Fosses he wished to celebrate the feast of All Saints with his friend, the blessed Vincent Madegher, at the monastery of Soignies, and he started on foot for that place."

"I ask the colleen's pardon for halting her a bit," said Flanigan; "but I suppose this was the ould times entirely, when we had saints galore in the ould counthry?"

"To be sure it was," struck in Murty MacAndrew; "when else could it be? Go on with your story, acushla."

"We have saints in Ireland still—aye, and martyrs too," said Fergus with a sigh, remembering the midnight mass and the slain soggarth.

"Journeying through the forest on his way to Soignies," resumed the girl, "Foillan lost his way in the great silence and solitude. Coming to a group of wretched huts he entered one of them and asked for a guide. The inmates were pagans—savage woodmen of wild and frightful appearance. Four of the men agreed to conduct him through the wood, and leaving Soneffe—the name of their hamlet—they proceeded along with him. Walking along together he spoke to them of that God of whom they had never heard, of His goodness and mercy, of the redemption of mankind by the blood of his Son, of the glories of heaven and the horrors of hell; but at length, seeing that his words fell all unheeded, he could only be silent and pray for them. Thus they reached the sight of this village, where their gross idol stood stark in the gloom of the wood; and here the four struck down the holy man with their clubs, and beat out his brains, while he still continued to pray for them. The dread night brought a fearful tempest that rattled the strong trees like reeds together and tore them from their roots. Christmas came, and Foillan was missing at Fosses, but Ultan, when at prayers, saw pass before his eyes a dove snow white save that its wings were dabbled with blood. On the 15th of January, 656, St. Gertrude received supernatural warning that in a certain spot of the forest the snow was red. Hither she and her attendants came, a bloody vapor moving in the sky before them; and, discovering the martyr's body, they brought it to Nivelles. Thence Ultan had it borne for interment to Fosses. In order to reach that monastery it was necessary to cross the swollen Sambre, but Gertrude ordered the horses of the hier to be left free, and the animals passed over, followed by the funeral crowd, at the place ever since called the Ford of St. Gertrude. Foillan's body was afterwards enclosed in a beautiful chapel, and this was soon succeeded by the magnificent church erected in his honor at Fosses. Soneffe, whence his murderers came, continues to bear the curse they brought upon it, and is still a miserable group of huts. The place where his body was found was called Rood, or Roux—which means red—from the red spot in the snow seen in her vision by St. Gertrude; so that this little village of ours takes its name from the sacred blood of the holy Irish martyr St. Foillan."

"That's a fine little girsha," remarked one of the men approvingly, who, though he was ignorant of her language, had been interestedly watching the animated features of the little narrator; "but maybe somebody will tell us what she's been talking about?"

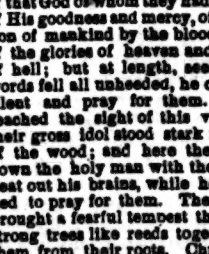
Fergus was proceeding to enlighten him when a loud knocking was heard at the door.

"We're lost!" exclaimed Flanigan, as he peered forth through the window; "we have been overtaken—the house is surrounded."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Mrs. Mary Griffith, who died at Drimgree, Inver, county Donegal, a few days ago, was 102 years of age.

Hard to swallow — the great, griping old-fashioned pill; and that's not the hardest part of it, either. Your troubles are only beginning when you get it down.



It's all nonsense. You can get more good, and without having to suffer for it, with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Not merely temporary good, but help that *lasts*. In a perfectly easy and natural way they cleanse and regulate the whole system, and *keep* it regulated. Sick and Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

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A perfect vest-pocket remedy, in small vials, and only *one* necessary for a dose.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

GAELIC POETRY.

Ta'n tiurse a's an bron so.

Tá'n tuirse a's an bróu so
Ag gabhail go mór timchioll mo chroidhe,
A's lán mo dhá bhróg dhe
A's na deora ag sileadh liom síos.
'S é is fada liom uaim an Dómhnach,
A mhíle stóirín no go ngabhann tú an t-slighe
Agus m'annsacht fá dhó thú,
Slán beo leat no go bh-fillidh mé arís.

A chumainn a's a annsacht,
I d-tús an t-samhraidh an nglualsfeá liom féin,
Amach faoi na gleanntaibh
Mar a mbéidhmís ag dul faoi do n ghréin
Ba, caoirighe, no gamhna
Ní shanntochainn leat-sa mar spré,
Acht mo lámh faoi do chom gheal
A's cead cómhrádh no go m-buailfeadh an dó dheug.

A h-allaidhibh an tighe mhóir-se
Cómhnuigheann a's bíonn mo ghrádh bán,
Air fhad mo reult eolais
'S é is dóigh liom nach m-bíonn sé lé fághail.
Budh mhíse liom a phóigín
'Ná an beoir 's na an síúcra bán;
'S muna bh-fágh' mé thú lé pósadh
'S é is dóigh liom nach m-béidh mo chroidhe slán.

Atá an gáirdín seo 'ana fhásach,
A ghrádh gheal, no an misde leat é?
Faoi na toraidhibh breágh' bán
Tá ag fás mar dhuilleabhar na g-craebh.
Níor bhinne liom glór ceiraigh
Ag gabhail an t-sráid seo na guth binn na n-eun,
'S gur culuigh mo ghrádh uaim
Cúl fáinesech go Caisleán Ui Néill.

Is am' sgeich i m-beul beárnán
Do fágbhadh mé air maidin Dé Luain,
Gan aon duine beo i n-dáil liom
Acht mo ghrádh bán a's é imthighthe i bh-fad uaim.
Ní bh-fuil gile no breaghacht
Na áilleacht d'á raibh ann san righeacht
Nach bh-fuil ann mo ghrádh bán,
A's gur fhág sé sád osna ann mo chliabh.

Nár fhágaidh mé an saoghal so.
No go léigfidh me dhíom an mi-ádh,
Go m-béidh ba agam agus caoirighe
Agus m' annsacht air leabaidh go sámh.
Trosgadh na h-Aoine
Ná lá saoire ni bhrisfinn go bráth
'S níor bh-fada liom an oidhche
Do bhéidhinn sínte le d'bhrollach geal bán.

Ceud slán do 'n oidhche ardír,
'S é mo leum nach anocht bhí air d-tús,
Buachaillín spéireamhail
Do bhreugfeadh mé scal air a ghlúin.
D'innseafainn féin sgeul duit,
Dá m-b'fhéidir go n-deunfá orm rún,
Go bh-fuil mo grádh do m'thréigin
A Dhia chléigil 's a Mhuire nach truagh!

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face Waltham or Elgin, $12.00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.25. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.25.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside" a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger" hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $23.10.

No. 39, Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No. 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch, only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

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Interesting Session of the Department of Education.

PAPER READ BY MISS MYRA MARTIN.

Awakening of the American Public to the Importance of Children's Education and the Cultivation of Love for the Beautiful in the Mechanical and Practical Side of Life—Not Trained Aesthetically as a Nation.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Aug. 30.—Tuesday's session of the Department of Education of the American Social Science association began at 9:30 Tuesday morning with a large attendance of interested members. Chairman Merrill Edward Gates, president of Amherst college, addressed the department, speaking of the effect of the department upon the system of education at present in vogue in America; the advancement over the old system of imparting knowledge, and the bright future and constant improvement of America's system of education in her schools, colleges, and universities. The report of the secretary was read by Dr. L. F. Bryson of New York, who also spoke on "Education as a Therapeutic Measure."

Miss Martin's Paper.

An interesting and lucid paper on "Public Libraries as a Factor in Education" followed, read by Miss Hewins of the Hartford library. The succeeding half hour was occupied by the reading of a paper on "The Educational Value of Modern Economics" by Starr Hoyt Nichols of New York. Perhaps the most interesting paper read was that by Miss Myra B. Martin of New York on "Art Education in American Life." In this Miss Martin spoke of the awakening of the American public in the past two decades to the importance of children's education and the cultivation of a love for the aesthetic and beautiful in the mechanical and practical side of life. "The first movement to incorporate art education on a sound basis was made in Massachusetts in 1870. The philanthropists' gifts to art reach but the few. How to reach the masses is the question. Children of all classes spend half their waking hours in the school room; here the refining influences can and do reach them.

Contrary Opinions.

"We know that as a nation we are not trained æsthetically and to hush our conscience we proudly point to our developments in other lines. There are at least three classes who hold contrary opinions as to aims and methods of diffusing an art education. First, those who believe in the mechanical side only of manual training. Second, those who would develop the artistic element only, and third, the rapidly increasing element who believe in bringing mechanical skill and the æsthetical together so that by a combination of the two studses our artisans may be able to enter into successful competition with the Old World. We export immense quantities of crude material and buy a small amount of the same material at prices from two to twenty times as great because of the artistic industry employed in making up the raw materials—as is shown in the case of textiles, bronzes, etc.

A Slow Process.

"The creed of the third class may be translated as 'The aims of modern art education,' viz.: The awakening and developing of our people, first—love of beauty both in nature and man's work; second—power to put beauty in one's own work. In conclusion, the essential principles of all good art are immediately practically translatable into the terms of every day life. The infusion of the genuine art spirit into public education must necessarily be a long, slow process, but as far and as fast as the art spirit does become a reality to the people, so far simplicity and consistency must needs seem desirable in our modes of life—truth, unity, and harmony in man's relations to his neighbors."

Routed the Rebels.

TANGIER, Aug. 30.—The sultan's cavalry and infantry started on an expedition into the country of the rebellious Angheres Monday morning. After burning four villages they met the main body of insurgents. A brisk exchange of musketry shots followed, and in a short time a majority of the rebels fled. Many of the fugitives made their way to the seashore, whence they escaped in fishing boats. A few of the insurgents fought desperately until Haman, their leader, seeing that the battle was lost, mounted his horse and fled. The troops then returned to Tangier with the heads of the rebels they had killed, for which they will receive $8 per head from the sultan's treasury.

Gubernatorial Candidate Arrested.

RYLEIGH, N. C., Aug. 30.—A special to The State Chronicle from Goldsboro, says: Dr. W P. Exum, the third party candidate for governor, was arrested Monday evening for using profane language in the postoffice in the presence of ladies. He was brought before Mayor Hollowell and, although Postmaster Smith testified under oath that certain ungentlemanly remarks were made by Exum, the latter swore positively that he did not say it. A fine of $7.50 was imposed upon him, after which he departed for Raleigh. A warrant for perjury is now out against Mr. Exum and will be served upon him when he returns.

Saluted the Queen.

LONDON, Aug. 30.—The queen started from Osborne house, Isle of Wight, for Balmoral Monday evening, crossing to Portsmouth. The old enstom of saluting, which had been dispensed with since the death of the prince consort, was revived on this occasion. All the warships lying at Portsmouth and the guardship stationed at Cowes saluted the queen by firing twenty-one guns each. The yards of the different men-of-war were manned, the vessels were covered with flags and streamers from stem to stern and their bands played the national anthem.

Will Meet in Chicago.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—The meeting of Don M. Dickinson, E. C. Wall and B. T. Cable, the committee in charge of the branch Democratic headquarters at Chicago, will be held in that city Thursday, Sept. 1, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. It is understood that the members of the Democratic national committee from the states of Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, North Dakota and South Dakota, who have been assigned to the branch headquarters, as well as other leading Democrats from the states named, will be present at the meeting.

KILLED BY HIS ENEMIES.

Cowardly Murder of a Prominent Lawyer at Fresno, Cal.

FRESNO, Aug. 30.—I. B. McWhirter, a prominent lawyer and politician, was assassinated early Monday morning by parties unknown. He heard a noise about the house and stated to his wife that he would go out into the yard to ascertain the cause. He armed himself with a revolver and left the house by the front door, going to the back yard on a path on the south side of the house. Fifty feet from the rear of the house he must seen have been, as an exchange of shots took place, McWhirter falling in the path mortally wounded. From an investigation of the premises and the revolver of McWhirter and that of his assassin it appears that six shots were fired, three each.

Two Opinions Expressed.

Three bullets entered the fence, two landed in an outhouse, and one lodged in McWhirter's heart. Two of the bullets in the fence and one in the cornice of the outhouse were probably fired by McWhirter. The others were fired by the assassin. It is supposed that there were two of the latter because two clubs were found on the ground. Besides these there was also a revolver and masks of red flannel. McWhirter died in a few minutes after being shot and did not regain consciousness. Many people believe that burglars did the deed, but the majority are of the opinion that the tragedy is the culmination of political turmoil in this county. There are two factions in the Democratic party here, one of which was led by McWhirter, who was very outspoken in his arraignment of some of the methods of the other faction.

Insured for $50,000.

Only about three months ago he had his life insured for about $50,000, and stated frequently that he believed his political enemies would not hesitate to have him put out of the way. He went armed, but said he did not expect to be attacked openly. McWhirter was born in Kentucky, but spent most of his life in Tennessee. He was of good family and took a prominent part in politics in Tennessee. He was at one time a member of the legislature there. He came to Fresno six or seven years ago and at once took a prominent position on account of his talents.

THROWN INTO A THRASHER.

A Terrible Double Tragedy Results from a Slight Accident.

SAVANNAH, N. Y., Aug. 30.—Near Cato, Cayuga, county, a boy while cutting bundles for a thrashing machine accidentally cut the feeder's hand, which so infuriated him that he immediately caught up the lad and threw him in the rapidly revolving cyclinder, where he was ground to atoms before any one present could raise a hand to prevent it. The brother of the unfortunate boy witnessed the bloody deed and lost no time in wreaking vengeance upon the murderer. He felled him to the floor with a pitchfork, and while he lay writhing from the effects thereof the brother repeatedly plunged the tines of the fork through his body, not ceasing until he was dead. All the thrashing hands stood by and witnessed the tragic deaths, which occurred so quickly that they were powerless to interfere.

Called the Preacher a Liar.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Aug. 30.—Rev. E. H. Brumbaugh, pastor of the First Methodist church of this city, delivered a lecture Sunday night on the subject of "Romanism and Morality." During the course of his remarks he made a statement which did not please Dr. A. Herney, chief surgeon of the Ensworth hospital, who arose and called the minister a liar and started for him with a cane. Herney was caught before reaching the pulpit by other members of the audience and was ejected from the church. Herney is from Switzerland and once studied for the priesthood.

Cholera and Yellow Fever.

PANAMA, Aug. 30.—It is reported here that Asiatic cholera exists in Venezuela. The long continued rebellion has caused sanitary conditions to be more or less neglected, and this, together with the bad and impure water supply and the great scarcity of proper food, is said to have aided the disease in its progress after its introduction. Yellow fever is still epidemic in Venezuela, especially so among the soldiers of both the government and Crespo, the rebel leader. The mortality among the troops is very great.

Switchmen Strike at East St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 30.—The strike fever has reached East St. Louis. Monday night the switchmen of the Air Line road quit work because their demand for another man to be added to each crew was not granted. The switchmen gave Superintendent Crouch until Monday night to grant their request. The strikers' places were filled with non-union men and trains were made up with but little delay. It was stated Monday night that unless the railroad yields all the switchmen will go on a strike in sympathy.

Modest New York Judge.

TROY, Aug. 30.—Judge T. H. Maynard of the court of appeals has written a letter to Chairman Edward Murphy of the Democratic state committee, requsting that his name be not considered by the committee in making a nomination for chief justice of the court of appeals. Judge Maynard expresses the opinion that the nomination should be given to one of his senior colleagues on the court of appeals bench.

Heavy Rains in the Northwest.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 30.—Heavy rains prevailed all over the northwest Monday. Specials from Fargo, Janestown, Hillsboro and other points in Minnesota and the Dakotas report heavy rains with colder weather. It is feared in some localities that there will be frost. But little wheat will be injured, but the damage to corn in case of a frost will be heavy.

Costly Blaze at Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 30.—Fire broke out among the large buildings of the Falk, Jung & Borchert brewery on South Pierce street. The brew house, elevator and boiler house were destroyed. The elevator contained 140,000 bushels of malt valued at $100,000 and the brew house 20,000 barrels of beer. The total loss will foot up about $250,000.

Two Cases in London Hospital.

LONDON, Aug. 30.—Ida Samuan, a Russian Pole from Hamburg, was admitted into the London hospital Monday, dying with a disease believed to be Asiatic cholera. Caroline Lane, an English girl, aged 10 years, was also admitted to the London hospital, believed to be suffering from Asiatic cholera.

TO KEEP OUT CHOLERA.

Regulations Issued by the New York Health Office.

GREAT INDIGNATION IN ENGLAND.

The Crew of a Vessel from Hamburg Allowed to Scatter to Their Homes—One of Them Dies Soon After—Cholera Cases in Berlin and Paris—Official Placards Posted by Order of Emperor William.

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—The following was issued Monday by Health Officer Jenkins: "Quarantine regulations effecting vessels from cholera infected ports and those bearing passengers from infected localities. All vessels from cholera infected ports or carrying steerage passengers from infected localities will be subjected to quarantine of detention from two to five days. Passengers and their baggage will be transferred to Hoffman island, where they will receive a bath, while baggage and clothing are disinfected by steam. Immediately after such transfer steerage and cargo will be disinfected.

A Large Undertaking.

"The passengers will then be returned to the vessel which in the absence of any development of suspicious cases will be allowed to proceed to her dock. This regulation is in accordance with a telegram sent to the secretary of the treasury requesting that the same regulation at the port of departure be enforced under the direction of the United States consul. If the health officer is satisfied upon investigation that such regulations have been carried out at such ports, in regard to emigrants, the above regulations will be modified. The above regulations will entail on this department an enormous amount of labor, but by the co-operation of the steamship companies it will be accomplished."

THOUSANDS EXPOSED.

The Crew of a Vessel from Hamburg Scattered in England.

LONDON, Aug. 29.—A large amount of indignation has been caused by the announcement that the crew of the steamer Gerona, which arrived at Middlesborough, Yorkshire, Sunday from Hamburg, were unwisely allowed to scatter to their homes. The Gerona is the steamer whose crew appeared to be all right when they landed, but one of whose seamen was seized with cholera soon after and died Sunday night. The population of Middlesborough is, unfortunately, in altogether too favorable a condition for the spread of cholera, owing to the destitution and want and consequent physical debility caused among thousands of the inhabitants by the recent strikes in the coal regions which supplied the iron and other industries of Middlesborough. The local sanitary authorities are now doing what they can to prevent any serious result from their carelessness by tracing up and ascertaining the condition of every member of the Gerona's crew.

Cholera Hospital Crowded.

BERLIN, Aug. 29.—The Berlin Post publishes a letter from a Hamburg physician here, who makes the gravest charges of neglect against the authorities. "Not even the excreta of cholera patients," he says, "are rendered innocuous. A sailer attacked with cholera was left for two hours lying on a pontoon near the Baumwall before he was removed. The cholera hospital is crowded and is in an unsanitary condition. The streets are swarming with the poorest and dirtiest people. The Elbe, with its party dried banks, is a receptacle for much rotten refuse. It is the duty of the empire to remedy the existing evils and at once."

Precaution at Berlin.

BERLIN, Aug. 29.—In accordance with the announced policy of the kaiser to let the public know all about the progress and extent of the cholera visitation, official placards have been posted throughout the city announcing that Asiastic cholera exists here and containing exhaustive advice to the public on the subject of sanitary arrangements. The authorities are everywhere enjoining the strictest attention and obedience to sanitary regulations, and streets are being cleaned with more than usual thoroughness.

Colombia Ports Closed.

PANAMA, Aug. 29.—The federal authorities of the United States of Colombia has issued an order closing the ports on the Atlantic coast of Colombia to all vessels arriving from ports infected with cholera. This puts a stop at once to all commerce with Germany, France and Belgium so far as conducted through Antwerp, Havre, Hamburg, and other places where cholera is known or suspected to exist.

Apprehension in Glasgow.

LONDON, Aug. 29.—The steamship companies at Glasgow have telegraphed to their European agents to suspend for the present the acceptance of any immigrants by the Glasgow lines for American and other destinations abroad. Considerable apprehension already exists in Glasgow in regard to the Russian and other immigrants who have recently arrived there to take passage.

The Cholera in Russia.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 29.—The official cholera returns show that on last Friday 4,707 new cases and 3,324 deaths were reported in the infected districts of Russia. In St. Petersburg Sunday 125 new cases were reported, while the deaths numbered twenty-five. At Cronstadt three cases and one death were reported.

Cases in Paris.

PARIS, Aug. 29.—Professor Peters, the head physician of one of the hospitals, asserts that there have been cases of Asiatic cholera Paris. Twenty persons suffering from a disease of a cholera or cholerine character were admitted to the hospitals Sunday.

Not Parted in Death.

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—John Obermeyer, a barber, and his wife Margaret committed suicide together in their home at 855 First avenue Monday morning by taking chloroform. They were each 68 years old and had been married forty-eight years. They came here from Hamburg many years ago. They left letters in one of which it was stated that on account of old age, the loss of friends and no work, they found life useless. They leave three children.

IS JUDICIALLY DEAD,

Although He Still Lives and May Be Set Free.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 29.—John McNulty, the murderer who has been in the county jail here for over four years under sentence of death, is now, in the language of Judge Murphy, who sentenced him, "judicially dead," and yet he may never have the rope placed around his neck. McNulty was to be hanged Friday, but the sheriff's counsel advised that official not to proceed as the governor's reprieve didn't specify the time for execution and that the prisoner must be brought before Judge Murphy for resentence.

What the Judge Said.

The district attorney will now bring McNulty before Judge Murphy on Monday, but the judge, speaking unofficially, says: "Time of execution having passed, McNulty, in contemplation of the law, is judicially dead. My court is done with him." If Judge Murphy adheres to this opinion when the matter comes before him judicially, then there is no power in the state to punish the murderer, even by imprisonment, and he will be set at liberty.

OLIVER SPRINGS TAKEN.

A Large Number of Miners Arrested by Lieutenant Patterson.

OLIVER SPRINGS, Tenn., Aug. 26.—Volunteers were called for Thursday morning at Coal Creek by Lieutenant Patterson to go to Oliver Springs and try to take that place. As the whole brigade responded at once thirty-seven men were picked. The soldiers in command of Colonel Sevier and Lieutenant Patterson arrived here at 12:30 o'clock when the telegraph office was seized. The train then went on to Indian Creek mine where about twenty-five miners were captured.

More Miners Captured.

They were left in charge of seven men when Lieutenant Patterson ordered his men to march to River Gap mines, where thirty men were captured. Then he started across the mountains, capturing twenty-five more. Lieutenant Mallory alone captured twenty, among them two or three of the leaders. They are being tried by Colonel Sevier and staff. All the miners captured and found guilty will be taken to Coal Creek.

In a Starving Condition.

CAMDEN, N. J., Aug. 29.—Thirty Hebrew families, comprising almost the entire population of the hamlet of Ziontown, are on the verge of starvation. These families, comprising 150 persons, were induced to come from New York to Ziontown last February by Mr. Zion, who sold them lots at an average of $75 each and promised to all who bought the lots steady employment in his shirt factory. These people say that after they had bought the lots they were refused work. Their condition is pitiable. They have had neither bread nor meat for many days, they have no money, and subsist almost entirely on green apples.

Hurt at a Church Fire.

FORESTVILLE, Mich., Aug. 29.—Three worshipers in the Roman Catholic church here Sunday were badly burned by a fire that completely destroyed the edifice. They are: Tillie Gustin, fatally; William Grant, seriously; Mrs. Jane Armstrong, seriously. The three were kneeling at the altar at the time the fire broke out in the basement beneath them, and in the panic that ensued were knocked down, trampled on the burned. They were rescued with difficulty. No cause is known for the blaze, as there was no fire of any kind in the building and had not been for weeks. The loss on the structure is $3,500, partly insured.

Will Tie Up the Men Now.

BUFFALO, Aug. 29.—A number of the Rochester and Pittsburg striking switchmen called upon Superintendent Bartlett Friday morning and asked to be reinstated. They were told that there was no use of their applying, as not one of them should ever again be employed on the road. The superintendent is quoted as saying that the company made every consideration possible to the men and had treated them fairly in every particular. They were determined to tie up the road, now the road would tie them up.

He Stands by His Order.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 29.—Supreme Justice F. D. Somerby of the Order of the Iron Hall returned to his home, 3402 Baring street, this city, Friday night. He said he had just arrived from Baltimore and was tired and sick. At first he declined to talk, but finally replied when asked his opinion of the financial condition of the order: "You can say that the Iron Hall, to my mind, is as solid as any institution in the country."

Fire at Metropolis, Ills.

METROPOLIS, Aug. 29.—Fire Friday night destroyed a block of buildings in the central portion of this place. Among the heaviest losers are: Craig & Son, hardware; Charles Bowker, store; Odd Fellows building and residences of Mrs. Elizabeth Gebhart and Mrs. Henrietta Ward. The total loss is $30,000; insurance $12,000. The fire was incendiary and the guilty party is suspected to be a discharged employe of Craig & Son.

The Cholera in Russia.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 29.—The official returns of the cholera for all Russia show that Friday there were reported 6,953 new cases and 3,363 deaths. This is an increase of 631 cases and 285 deaths over Thursday. In St. Petersburg 108 new cases of the disease were reported Friday and 27 deaths, an increase of five cases and five deaths over the previous day.

Must Leave Their Unions.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Aug. 29.—There is considerable excitement among railroad employes here over the order of President McLeod, issued by him Saturday to the effect that all employes of the Lehigh Valley and Central railroad of New Jersey must sever connections with all labor unions. There is considerable talk of striking.

Fell Overboard and Was Drowned.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 29.—William H. Mastersen, an electrician, fell from the steamer City of Detroit while she was on her way from Detroit to Cleveland Sunday night, and was drowned. He had been in Detroit visiting his mother.

Is North Carolina "Up to Date?"

MOUNT AIRY, N. C., Aug. 29.—Leonidas McKnight, who was found guilty of burglary in the first degree a few days ago, has been sentenced to be hanged Oct. 21, this being the punishment prescribed by the North Carolina code.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Items of General Interest Gathered from Everywhere.

George Price stabbed and killed John Hay, twenty-five miles southeast of Bloomington, Ills. Both men were farmers.

An unknown man was found in a well at Sexton Heights, St. Joseph, Mo. The body was badly decomposed.

At a meeting of the Republican state central committee of Nebraska the name of T. J. Myers was placed on the ticket for lieutenant governor in place of J. G. Tate, found ineligible.

The various railroad companies in Chicago have promised the Anti-Smoke society that their locomotives will be provided with smoke consumers by Sept. 1.

Thomas Brennan of Chicago drank carbolic acid, mistaking it for whisky, and died before a doctor could reach him.

The Italians of Baltimore will erect in that city a statue of Columbus. It is being chiseled in Genoa, and will arrive about Sept. 15.

Little Rock, Ark., will have an army post, the property owners on the last day of grace having complied with the government's condition that the necessary land be donated.

United States treasury officials state that the balance is now $50,000,000, and that the receipts from customs and internal revenue are on the increase.

The sensational forgery case against Frank Biahirick, an old pioneer of Ashland, Wis., was dismissed by Municipal Judge Calkins. It has been hanging fire for several months.

John Kennedy cut his wife's throat in a shanty on the river front at Cincinnati. He then rowed across to Covington and traded his razor for liquor.

The citizens of East Tawas, Mich., have agreed to donate a plat of land worth $10,000 to the Hollands of East Saginaw if they would erect two mills on the site and employ 200 men continually.

William H. Carsdale is held under bonds at Davenport, Ia., to answer a charge of forging a marriage license. He deserted the girl he purported to marry.

George C. Stockbridge, bookkeeper for C. E. Woodward & Co., druggists, of Boston, is missing, and is said to be short $7,000 in his accounts.

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The infant child of Henry Schmiff of Columbus, O., fell into a kettle of boiling water, receiving fatal injuries.

A fight occurred near Kennedy, Tex., between John Pace and Ambrose Collins in which Collins was instantly killed. Another fight occurred near Komes City between Felix Burris and Sam Henton, and Burris was shot through the bowels and will die. Henton was instantly killed.

John Bowen, 16 years old, went to sleep in a gravel car at Millersbury, Ind. The car was filled with gravel and Bowen suffocated.

Albert Stanley, 35 years old, was killed by a train near Red Rock, Ia. He leaves a widow and two children.

John Warren, aged 7 years, is dying at Rockford, Ills., from injuries received by being kicked by a horse.

Mrs. Mary A. Dyer and Mrs. Joseph Bennett of Decatur, Ills., are believed to be the heirs to $100,000 left by James Hughes, who died in Fayette county, Pa. in 1876.

Tom Hall, keeper of a disreputable resort at Merrill, Wis., shot and fatally wounded Gus Eckland, a gambler, during an altercation.

In Marquette county, Mich., the last of the five big iron furnaces has gone out of blast and not a pound of pig-iron will be made in the county until the pig-iron industry improves.

Advices received at the White House from Loon Lake state that Mrs. Harrison is steadily improving. Her recovery is gradual, but each day shows some gratifying change.

President Gompers of the Federation of Labor said that the striking switchmen at Buffalo and the strikers at Homestead would be victorious; that the struggle had just commenced instead of being at an end.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Lane celebrated their golden wedding at Lebanon, Ind.

Alice Campbell was burned to death at St. Joseph, Mo., by exploding gasoline.

* * *

Tom Cronan of New Ross, Ind., while talking with County Coroner Bronough, became violently insane and tried to shoot him. He failed to injure him.

The Vandalia railroad has adopted a new scale for its telegraph operators. The minimum has been fixed at $45 per month and all salaries have been advanced about $10 per month, making the average about $65.

The Bloomfield Baptist association is in session at Chrisman, Ills., with about 200 delegates in attendance.

Indiana Red Men will hold a celebration of all tribes in that state at Columbus, Oct. 21.

Republican League clubs of Wisconsin held their state convention at Milwaukee and selected delegates to the National league meeting at Buffalo. Congressman Mason of Illinois and John M. Thurston of Nebraska addressed a large masmeeting in the evening.

Congressman Bellamy Storer and John A. Caldwell of Cincinnati were renominated by acclamation by the Republicans of that city.

During a fire in the Central lodging house at San Francisco John Churtnay, an employe, jumped from the fourth story window and was instantly killed.

Chagrin over repeated arrests for drunkenness caused Mrs. Elizabeth Hughes of Hyde Park, Pa., to commit suicide.

John I. Blair, the railroad magnate, whose first sale was a muskrat skin, and who now is a very many millionaire, celebrated his 90th birthday at his home at Blairstown, N. J.

Connecticut will send her entire militis force to New York for the ceremonies of the anniversary of the landing of Columbus.

Lady Henry Somerset will visit India ere long, as a delegate to the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, and will preach total abstinence to natives and foreign residents in that part of the world.

The Rev. Mr Likly's horse ran away at Brazil, Ind. He was thrown from his buggy and seriously hurt. The buggy collided with another carriage and a 7-year-old boy sustained injuries from which he will die.

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Carrie Larson, aged 76 years, of Omaha, was run over and killed in the Union Pacific yards at Council Bluffs.

Camp 15 won the prize banner in the competitive drill of the Patriotic Sons of America at Denver.

The Hutchinson Times, Democratic paper of the Seventh congressional district of Kansas, has bolted the nomination of Jerry Simpson, whom the Democrats of that district indorsed for congress.

Samuel Alschuler of Aurora was nominated for congress Thursday at Elgin by the Democrats of the Fifth Illinois district.

President Harrison has appointed Robert Forrester of Utah to be mine inspector of that territory.

At a meeting in New York of western and eastern anthracite coal agents it was decided to again advance the price of coal 25 cents Sept. 1.

Lieutenant Governor Haile of Massachusetts now seems to have a sure thing of the Republican nomination for governor this year, all other candidates, it is reported, having withdrawn from the field.

Seven thousand colored people assembled at North Vernon, Ind., to an emancipation barbecue and were addressed by Governor Chase.

Christ Obrecht, the alleged Sauk City, Wis., incendiary, has been released under $3,000 bonds. Lynching is feared.

Lightning destroyed the large farm barn of J. A. Peter near Seymour, Ind. Loss in grain and stock, $4,000; partly insured.

The total assessment of railroad property in Arkansas for 1893 amounts to $18,785,286, an increase of $461,046 over 1891.

It is announced from Buzzard's Bay that Mr. Cleveland does not anticipate making any political trips during the campaign.

Diphtheria is epidemic at Brighton, near Hillsboro, Ills., a large number of children and some grown people being affected.

Governor Winans has appointed Leon L. Barbour of Detroit regent of the university of Michigan, vice C. Stewart, deceased. His term will expire Dec. 31, 1897.

Articles of incorporation have been filed for the Lemars (Ia.) Shoe company. The new factory will have a capacity of 1,000 pairs per day.

At the meeting of the Letter Carriers' association at Indianapolis Frank E. Smith of San Francisco was elected president and Kansas City selected for the next place of meeting.

Sullivan, McAuliffe and Dixon are the favorites in the betting at New Orleans on the championship prize fights soon to come off. The odds on the combination are 5 to 2.

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Charles Moen, a brakeman, was killed at Wauconia, Ia. He was setting a brake, which pulled off, and he was thrown under the wheels.

Florence, the 3-year-old daughter of B. E. Shilts of Thorpe, Wis., was run over by a loaded wagon on the streets there and died twenty minutes after.

As the boat Jolly Brothers, with over one hundred excursionists on board, was coming down Cheat river at Uniontown, Pa., it struck a rock on Keyser's dam and in thirty minutes sank, but all the passengers were safely landed.

A bulletin issued by the census bureau at Washington, states that there are 2,240,354 communicants in the Methodist Episcopal church in the United States, represented in 102 annual conferences. It has 22,844 church edifices, with a seating capacity of 6,302,708, valued in the aggregate at $96,723,408.

Governor Eagle, of Arkansas, is reported to be dying at Richmond, Ky.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the international conference of state boards of health held at Indianapolis, an international quarantine inspection commission was appointed, and it was suggested to memorialize President Harrison with the object of stopping immigration from cholera infested ports.

W. C. P. Breckinridge was renominated as the Democratic candidate for congress from the Fourth Kentucky district without opposition.

William E. Jenkins, who has been on trial for the killing of John Dixon at Richmond, Ind., was acquitted.

Judge R. F. Graves of Seattle has been nominated by the Prohibitionists of Washington for governor.

A rather severe shock of earthquake was felt at Lyons, France. The shock was also felt in several other departments in the south of France. No damage is reported.

Dr. Keeley of Dwight, Ills., is suing the London Lancet for alleged libel, and medical men watch the trial with much interest.

Preparations for the dedicatory ceremonies are progressing finely at Jackson park.

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Robbers entered the house of Charles Dembreskie at Shamokin, Pa., bound and gagged the inmates and left with $500. A neighbor who interfered was shot, but will recover.

George Elineson was struck by a freight train at Galesburg, Ills., and fatally hurt. He leaves a large family.

Colonel Alexander Hogeland, president of the Boys' and Girls' National Home association, has called the sixth annual convention of that association to meet at Des Plaines Sept. 11.

Mrs. Sutherland.

I Had Goitre

Or swellings in the neck since I was 10 years old; am now 52. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla recently and the swelling has entirely disappeared It has been very troublesome. When I began I was feeling so discouraged with the goitre and rheumatism I felt that I would as soon be dead as alive. Whenever I caught cold I could not walk two blocks without fainting. Now I am free from it all and I can truly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. I received a letter from Mrs. Jennie Bigelow, now of Fremont, Mich., asking if my testimonial in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla was true; I replied it was, and sent particulars. I have another letter from her thanking me very much for recommending

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and stating that she also has been cured." MRS. ANNA SUTHERLAND, Kalamazoo, Mich.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills. They assist digestion and cure headache.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer, who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATER.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The Gray Mare."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATER.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Lost Paradise."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—The Postmen's Benefit, Frank Daniels in "Little Puck."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Miss Julia Marlowe.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"The Dazzler."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"A Barrel of Money."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE HOME RULE PROGRAMME.

Sir Charles Russell, the distinguished Anglo-Irish lawyer who sits in Gladstone's cabinet, as attorney-general for England, speaking at a meeting of the Corn Exchange in Swindon, Wilts, on Aug. 17, drew a picture of the projected Home Rule parliament for Ireland, which will not be reassuring to Irish Nationalists who expect something more from Mr. Gladstone than a Dublin legislature of grand jury proportions, resting entirely on English toleration. Sir Charles, in the course of his remarks, said:

"What was the duty that lay upon the present government to endeavor to perform? He believed it to be true that Mr. Gladstone had formed a government that was worthy of the confidence of the country and they had rightly been told that the first duty of the government was to endeavor to deal upon a sound basis with the Irish question. The Liberal party would indeed be untrue to its professions, Mr. Gladstone would indeed be faithless to his pledged word and undertaking, if they and he did not endeavor to deal with the Irish question as one of the first objects of his administration. What was this question after all? It was the assertion in this year of grace of the Irish people of that natural right in their own land to deal with affairs which were their own, by a legislative body and an executive of their own. It meant the creation of a legislative body and an executive responsible to the body which should have the power to deal with purely Irish affairs, leaving untouched the supremacy of parliament and all those external signs, and symbols, and realities of power which go to constitute imperial supremacy. Mr. Chamberlain the other night cited a passage from a speech of his (Sir Charles') in which he stated what were the safeguards not only of imperial supremacy, but against an injury or injustice under a scheme of Home Rule.

"He (Sir Charles) repeated what he said in that speech, that there was *the veto of the crown* to be exercised by the lord lieutenant and representative of the queen; that there was *the inherent right* in the imperial parliament that had created the legislative body to deal with Irish affairs, to *repeal the enactment* or to modify it, and lastly there was the inherent right in the imperial parliament, *if circumstances warranted it, to legislate directly in relation to Ireland itself.* They meant the rights of self government of the Irish people to be real, thorough and effective, but when the opponents of the measure distorted and misrepresented its character, when they spoke of its disintegrating the empire and ending the supremacy of the imperial parliament, then they were justified in referring to the three checks which he had named as showing the reserve power that resided in the imperial authority, providing unhappily the necessity arose, for resorting to that reserve power.

"They were told before the elections that Mr. Balfour had settled the Irish question, and that when the elections came a grateful and emancipated people in Ireland, would show their graciousness in a constitutional way at the polls. What had been the result? Why, that out of Ulster and excluding the Universities the Unionists had not returned a single member for one of the three provinces of Munster, Leinster, and Connacht, and where they had put forward a representative of their own party they had polled less than in 1885 and 1886. The Irish question therefore stood as it did before Mr. Balfour was Irish secretary. He was but one to be added to the long list of failures, so far as Ireland was concerned. Surely, if each party in the State had sent its ablest men to try to do the work of government in Ireland, and they had failed, it was time that all parties in the State should recognize that it was in the highest interest of the State that the question should be settled upon a just basis. They were told that with the new government Home Rule would exclude everything else, and that they would get nothing out of parliament but the barren discussion of Home Rule. These were prophecies, as to which the prophet might do something towards their fulfilment, and if the Tory party and their dissentient Liberal allies chose to set themselves in earnest to the task of obstruction, he admitted that they might considerably lessen the desired rate of progress; but he denied that it was the wish of the Liberal party, or the prospect which they held out to themselves, that Home Rule should be the only question. He affirmed, and he had some right to speak in the matter, that the Liberal party wished to find an early opportunity of discussing some of the questions which they believed were important, in order that the views of the country, constitutionally expressed, might be heard in full, free, and satisfactory manner."

It will be seen that the points made by Sir Charles in regard to the—from the English standpoint—"safeguards" of the bill, are the very ones that Mr. John Redmond foreshadowed in the speech in which he protested against them. His argument was based upon the lines laid down by Mr. Parnell in his historic manifesto to the Irish people, issued after the Hawarden conference with Mr. Gladstone. It is a bad thing to have the power of dissolving or altogether doing away with, the Dublin parliament vested in that of London. It was against this very power that all the Irish patriots, who believed in one crown, and two independent parliaments, from the days of Henry VI to those of George III, did battle. The Poynings law, which compelled the Irish parliament to submit the heads of its bills to the London government for approval, was the question which inspired Molyneaux, Swift, Lucas, Flood and Grattan with their most powerful arguments. There is, however, one hope which is supported by nineteenth century precedents. In this age, reforms rarely retrograde. The tendency is onward, and even slow and cautious England feels the impulse. Besides, Irish commerce is no longer an English bugbear. The English system has practically destroyed it, and, as England's markets have been vastly enlarged since the passage of the Union act, she no longer contemplates the prospect of Irish rivalry with her old time horror. Even were Ireland allowed to protect her home industries, it would take, at least, twenty-five years to regain even a portion of what she has lost by the policy of English free trade, with which she was not in a condition to compete. However, the best thing to do, under existing circumstances, is to wait for the development of Mr. Gladstone's bill, and, if it is not satisfactory, let the united Irish party fight it tooth and nail in committee. The Liberals must eventually come to their terms, for the very good reason that they cannot help themselves.

AN IMPOSSIBLE PEACEMAKER.

We are informed by the daily press that the stale gorsoon, who was elected mayor of Chicago in the spring of 1891, under false pretenses, is now engaged as a peacemaker general for the restoration of harmony in the local Republican ranks. A more unfortunate selection for such an office as that of feud healer could not have been made. Whatever of factiousness exists among Chicago Republicans today is chiefly of the mayor's making. His treachery, incompetency and shameless desertion of the very elements that placed him in power, have rendered him contemptible in public estimation; and if he wants to find out to a certainty how he is regarded by a working majority of his fellow Republicans, he had better run again, minus his hypocritical mask, for the mayoralty in 1893. Almost his first act, after assuming the civic chair, was to abdicate his functions as president of the city council, and, since then, he has continued to abdicate function after function, until he has become an insignificant cog wheel in the machine of his own creation.

At present, he is engaged in a warfare, in the interests of his man, Lorimer, against an old Irish-American citizen and a gallant Union veteran, Capt. Patrick McGrath, clerk of the Superior court, who won his spurs of loyal knighthood in the ranks of the brave Army of the Tennessee, in every battle fought by that immortal corps from Vicksburg to Savannah. It is argued against Capt. McGrath that he has held office almost continuously since the close of the war. Why is not the same argument applied to John Stephens, recorder of deeds, who is also seeking reelection? Capt. McGrath is, at least, as deserving of public recognition and reward as Capt. Stephens, because, although he did not lose a leg in the service, he was equally exposed and was, in fact, engaged in more battles. Old "Mac" has enough faults to emphasize his humanity, just like all his fellow beings, but THE CITIZEN is at a loss to know why, at this late day, the alleged Republican ringsters, who rally around Mayor Washburne, should seek to exclude him from the party ticket. Their projected action will certainly not tend to strengthen the party at the polls, especially if Lorimer, the novice, is substituted for McGrath, the veteran.

A MAKE BELIEVE "SAXON."

According to *Cassell's Magazine* Dr. Conan Doyle, a writer of some note, has lately indulged in an eulogy of the "Anglo Saxon" race, in which he evidently includes himself. The "Saxon" idea is bound to prevail, he says, and in the end "every 'Saxon' will have some form of Home Rule and there will be an end of Russian atrocities in Siberia," and so forth. As to the "Saxon" part of his literary eructation, Dr. Conan Doyle is entirely off the track. Conan is an abbreviation of Coonan, or O'Coonan, and Doyle of O'Doyle, both very respectable Irish Clan surnames. Not even the wildest Anglomaniac, up to the advent of Dr. Doyle, has claimed that the Irish Clans were "Saxons." The Russian atrocities, in Siberia and elsewhere, are bad enough, but "Saxon" England has surpassed them in Ireland and in India. The Russians never deliberately starved a million and a half human beings to death, and never blew Sepoys from the mouths of cannon. These Celtic renegades like T. B. Macaulay and Conan Doyle are enough to turn the stomach of the civilized world.

SIGNIFICANCE OF MORLEY'S ELECTION.

That Irish legislative semi-independence, of the Home Rule variety, is bound to come in the near future nearly all but incurable pessimists seem to be agreed upon. Nothing that has occurred in England of late signifies so much in this direction as the triumphant re-election of John Morley. Mr. George W. Smalley, the not over friendly representative of the New York *Tribune* in London, telegraphing to his paper under date of Aug. 27, says:

"The struggle at Newcastle has been watched with an interest not exceeded by any manifested during the general election. The circumstances were peculiar and the issue, whichever way it went, was sure to be significant. At the general election Mr. Morley was saved from defeat only by sacrificing his colleagues. As it was he stood second on the poll, the Unionist candidate leading him by a majority of 3,000. The task before him was to make up this tremendous leeway and add whatever was possible in the way of a majority. The most sanguine expectation in ministerial circles was that he might win by a hundred or so. That would have been a considerable victory in view of the preliminary process of working off the adverse majority of 3 000. His position was worse than at the general election, seeing that the Unionists who were now thoroughly organized and buoyed up with success had the alliance of the Labor party banded together to give a lesson to the minister who declined to adopt their views on the hours of labor. On a remarkably heavy poll Mr. Morley's majority is 1,739. The fact that it was the chief secretary for Ireland, the standard-bearer for Home Rule, who was fighting for the seat, makes the significance of this majority unmistakable and important. In order that there might be no mistake on this head the *Times* was at considerable pains to set it right in advance. In a leading article last Wednesday it declared the struggle to be a 'Real trial of strength from which the Unionists may well hope to emerge victorious and in which victory on their part would be of great significance and of great importance. The Unionists of Newcastle are bound to strain every nerve to repeat as nearly as possible tomorrow their great achievement of last month. They then returned a unionist over Mr. Morley's head by a crushing majority. They have now to give their Unionist member a Unionist colleague. That is the broad issue upon which they have to decide. Other questions and other considerations will no doubt enter, and enter to a degree which it is difficult to appraise, into the contest. But the cardinal problem on which the electors will have to pronounce is neither the adoption of an eight hour day nor the revival of protection under bastard shapes, but the one problem of Home Rule.' It is true this solemn injunction and deliberate judgment were published before the election was decided, and at a time when the Unionists hoped to emerge victorious, but that does not alter the facts nor diminish the weight of this unimpeachable testimony to the political significance of the event."

Notwithstanding the declaration of the *Times*, the writers of that notoriously infamous sheet are trained to a villainous inconsistency, and will have no hesitation whatever in swallowing their words when occasion demands it. The London *Times*, in its editorial capacity, has ever been the deadly enemy of Irish reform, and, in fact, of all reform worth having in the three kingdoms. There are sheets published in England quite as hostile to Ireland's claims as is the *Times*, but none so brutal. Its late proprietor, John Walter, was a most disagreeable type of Englishman, and once, in the house of commons, openly declared that "the Irish were no more fit to govern themselves than the Hottentots." The *Times* has published more malignant attacks upon the Irish as a race than all the other English Tory papers put together. Its demoniacal howl of triumph over the results of the great famine will never be forgotten by the Irish people—'The Celts have gone—gone with a vengeance—God be praised!" It is useless to expect fairness, or even common decency, from the London *Times*. It would not be the *Times* if it became either fair or decent.

THE LABOR DEMONSTRATION.

"Labor's Holiday" will occur in Chicago next Monday. There will be a gigantic procession through the streets of the city, and the mighty column will be reviewed by D. C. Cregier, W. P. Rend, Capt. T. J. Ford, A. S. Beamish, N. C. Linn, the Rev. Dr. Henry, J. W. Scott, Victor Lawson and John Beegan. Permission has been given to use Lincoln monument as a reviewing stand. Chairs will be placed on the steps leading to the monument. These will be occupied by judges, city and county officials, aldermen and others. The procession will march in from Dearborn street, go around the monument and then go west on North avenue. The chair of the monument will be draped in the Stars and Stripes. Thirty thousand tickets of admission to the picnic grounds have been sold. The speakers who will address the people are: At Sharpshooters' grove—Senator John M. Palmer, C. S. Darrow, Mark L. Crawford, Richard Prendergast, D. C. Cregier, Senator Joseph P. Mahoney, Edward Maher and Miles Kehoe. At Ogden's grove—Congressman Durborow, Congressman McGann, R. M. Patterson, Henry F. Donovan, John F. Finerty, William E. Mason and Nathaniel Sears.

ALEXANDER KIRKLAND

Mr. Alexander Kirkland, ex superintendent of buildings in Chicago, and an architect of international reputation, died at the residence of his son, the Hon. Robert B. Kirkland, in Jefferson, Wis., on Saturday. His disease was apoplexy, and the attack was of brief duration. Mr. Kirkland was born near Glasgow, Scotland, in 1824. His father was an ex captain of the British army, who had fought under Wellington throughout the peninsula and at Waterloo. The boy received a liberal education and graduated at the Glasgow University. He chose the profession of architect and pursued it with success both in Great Britain and America. He became a citizen of the United States before the Chicago fire, and was, in politics, affiliated with the Democratic party, but he had hosts of friends among men of all parties. Mr. Kirkland was a prominent member of the St. Andrew's society and took a vivid interest in Scottish games and pastimes. He was an open hearted, liberal, genial gentleman, and, even in old age, he preserved the buoyancy of youth. The news of his sudden death was a great shock to all his friends in this city. He leaves a widow and three children, the Hon. Robert B. Kirkland, already mentioned; Mr James Kirkland, connected with railroad interests, and Mrs. William Edgar, wife of the popular ex secretary of the building department. Mr. Kirkland's funeral occurred on Tuesday, at Jefferson, Wis., and was largely attended. Several leading Scotchmen of this city and elsewhere acted as pallbearers. It is understood that Mr. Kirkland's remains will, according to his request, be finally laid to rest in this city.

THE CITIZEN observes with surprise that Collector Mamer and John M. Smyth attended the conference called by his impudence, the mayor. Considering the almost irreparable damage done to the Republican party in this city and county by Washburne and his paltry henchmen, we are astonished that Republicans of national reputation and approved loyalty, like Messrs. Mamer and Smyth, should recognize that presumptuous individual.

THE Democrats of this county having placed two Irish-Americans on their ticket for judgships, the Republican convention would exhibit wisdom in doing likewise.

MR. WALKER, a member of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet, has openly declared, at a public meeting held in the north of England, that the Irish predominate at Westminster, and that he does not like it, but it cannot be helped. For ninety-two years the Irish have been doing their utmost to get away from Westminster, and now they are as ready to go as ever, but the English won't have it. Wherever the Irish go, they must dominate. It is their nature. They are brighter, "smarter" if you will, politically than any other race in the world, and this is what makes them so many enemies, even in free America. THE CITIZEN does not know many real American bigots, but when it runs across one he is the crossest and most hide bound of cranks, and the very name of the Irish turns him the color of a wooden nutmeg. Such is the type of the fellows who belong to the U. O. Ds, and kindred organizations. They are even worse than the English, because the latter have a hereditary fight with the Irish, whereas the Yankee blue bellies have none, except what themselves have created. They may be called the excretions of liberty.

THE Irish Catholics elected little Washburne mayor of Chicago, under the belief that he was their friend. He has rewarded them by turning over such of them as hold office to his private headsman.

PERSONAL.

Miss Mae Slattery, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Slattery, No. 4032 Indiana avenue, will be united in marriage to Mr. David J. Cahill, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 14, at St. Elisabeth's church, Wabash avenue and Forty first street. The nuptial ceremony will begin at 7 o'clock.

"ABOLISH THE VICEROY."

That is the Burden of Able Advice Given by a Latent Correspondent.

Reasons Why the Irish Vicegreal Farce Should Have an End.

[*To the Editor.*]

A impression seems to prevail in some quarters that Gladstone's majority is too small and precarious to justify the expectation that his administration will continue long. This conclusion is not warranted by the facts. Forty members are a quorum of the house of commons. And both the Radicals and Unionist-Liberals have the motive of self preservation to induce them not to precipitate dissolution that would follow a ministerial defeat. As for the Irish members, whether they approve or disapprove of Mr. Gladstone's bill, they are interested in upholding his government. If the bill be inadequate, as was the last one, they should follow the Parnellite tactics and accept it. Their constituents in Ireland and their friends in America will hear of nothing but a staunch support of the Grand Old Man. Just as the Liberal-Unionists invariably voted with the Tories to keep Gladstone out, the Irish members must invariably vote with the Liberals to keep Salisbury out. They can do so without any dishonorable breach of trust, such as tainted the followers of Hartington. Even if there were no Home Rule bill in question, it is of vital importance to Ireland to have a friendly administration in office for the first time since 1800. It is the administration of the law, not the law itself, that can become a hardship or a benefit. There will be an end of the partial, brutal, and unjust coercion of the Tory government. The Coercion act, which I think should not be repealed, but should be kept like a rod in pickle for the Orangemen who threaten disturbance, will be applied to landlords and their hirelings as certainly as to tenants. The land acts will be administered in a totally different spirit, and perhaps by different officials. The police will get orders diametrically different from Balfour's and they will not be allowed to be as offensive and murderous as in the last few years. The judges will quickly accommodate their rulings to the spirit of the Castle chiefs. And it would be treason to Ireland to alter all this for the pitiful satisfaction of embarrassing the Liberals.

We are satisfied that Mr. Gladstone will do the best that he dare, and the best that he can do, according to his lights. If he does not understand Ireland's wishes regarding Home Rule, the fault is in Ireland's representatives and so called leaders. When has any of them thrown any light on the matter? When have they discussed the principles of a constitution for Ireland? When have they published a sketch of the kind of Home Rule Ireland hopes for? We must not blame Mr. Gladstone for that which is a fault of our own.

When have we discussed or decided the great fundamental question of Federation or Repeal? The Liberal-Unionists and Tories have decided it for us by insisting on the retention of Irish members in the imperial parliament. This is what Isaac Butt proposed. It is now settled, without Ireland's voice, that there is to be a federal union between Great Britain and Ireland. This involves an Irish local government and a British local government, in addition to the common or imperial parliament. And this involves the drawing of a line between matters that may be termed local affairs (or national affairs) and imperial affairs. At some future time the British local government may divide itself into English, Scotch, Welsh and London governments.

The next thing to be decided is whether the Irish government will be a parliament after the Canadian pattern, or a legislature after the pattern of an American state. This has never been discussed in the twenty-five years of agitation about Home Rule. The people who are guided by sentimentality and imitation of English ways prefer a parliament. Those who want a government for practical business desire to follow the American precedents. Then it should be decided whether the chairman should be called speaker or president. The American title is absurd, inasmuch as the speaker does not speak for the representatives to anyone. I should like to see the Irish have a president, and not a speaker who would go on his knees to the lord lieutenant to beg for recognition. That sort of thing is obsolete now. It would also be a question if there should be two chambers to the legislature or only one. It would satisfy the Ulster minority if there were two; and Mr. Gladstone is sure to propose a double barrelled legislature. The point is certain to arise regarding the least popular branch of the legislature, whether the members should be nominated or elected. We should insist on them all being elected. It might be satisfactory if the Irish representatives to the imperial parliament should constitute the upper chamber of the Irish legislature. Should there be an Irish house of peers? To this we should answer emphatically, No! But peers living in Ireland might be elected to the Irish legislature if they can find a constituency. Should the Irish lower chamber and premier be chosen for a certain or an uncertain term? This is very important. Every Nationalist who desires to prevent endless contests and faction fights should vote for a premier chosen for a fixed term like the governor of an American State, and for a popular chamber elected for a fixed term and not liable to sudden dissolution.

There remains one more serious question. Should Ireland be represented in the imperial government by a lord lieutenant or by a state secretary, like Scotland? If we want Ireland to have any Home Rule that is not a fiction we should insist on the abolition of the lord lieutenant. To retain this official is to make Ireland merely a crown colony. So long as he is retained, he is and must be the head of the executive—that is, there is a foreigner, not responsible to the Irish legislature but to the British premier, in control of the executive. This would be intolerable. The Castle system will always continue so long as the lord lieutenant is retained. Some think he is the substitute for the sovereign, but he is no such thing. He is the subaltern of the colonial secretary or the premier. Feeble minded persons are pleased to have a mock court, and Dublin tradesmen desire the patronage of the Castle. But the millions of Irishmen who have no interest in these things wish to see the abolition of an office that reminds Ireland of her inferiority, and to forget memories that invest the office with detestation and contempt. It is probable that the shoneens will urge Gladstone to maintain the satrapy; and probably it is to the Tories we may be indebted for its abolition.

The two main functions of a government relate to finance and the administration of justice. The protection of Ireland from foreign foes is an imperial concern. The right to regulate financial and judicial matters (including the police) cannot be dispensed with in any Home Rule scheme.

W.

IRISH NEWS.

Items of Interest Collected From all Parts of Ireland

A committee has been appointed to organize a regatta on the Lower Lake of Killarney.

The death is announced in Killarney of of Mr. Thadeus McNamara, late inspector of National Schools for that district.

The number of claims for the franchise lodged in the constituencies of North and South Dublin this year is 8 010. Only half that number, 4,005, were lodged last year.

Michael and William Condon, of Mallow, were committed for trial at Killarney on a charge of stealing two watches in a public house in Killarney.

On Wednesday week Coroner DeCourcey held an inquest in Limerick on the the bodies of two men, Michael Madigan and Thos as Scanlan, who met their deaths in the burning of the smack Thrasher, at Howley's quay. The jury found that the death of the two men was the result of an accident, but they added a rider to their verdict that in the interest o the lives and property of the citizens the present deplorable condition of the city water supply should be remedied and improved.

The *Irish Daily Independent* of Aug 17 says: 'A new departure in Irish sporting takes place today, when the Irish Trotting Association hold their inaugural meeting on the new track at Ashtown, Phœnix Park. There are tempting prizes and very fair entries, so that two, at all events, of the chief elements of success are already assured. No one entertains the extravagant hope that among the competitors will appear an embryo Maud S., or a possible Jay-Eye-See. But the proverb has it that well begun is half done, and there is no doubt that the inception of track trotting in Ireland has been undertaken in no half hearted fashion by the company under whose auspices the meeting at Ashtown will be commenced today. The promoters deserve success, and we hope they will command it.

After several unsuccessful attempts a trade union, which seems likely to be a permanent institution, has been formed for the benefit of the Cardiff tram and omnibus men. On Sunday afternoon, Aug. 14, a well attended branch meeting was held, after which a number of new members were admitted. Since the recent visit of Mr. Hamil. the organizer for the Vehicular Traffic Workers Union, there has been a large accession in strength, and steps will probably be taken to organize on a large scale the local stablemen, carmen, cabmen, coachmen, draymen, teamsters, grooms, and horsemen. With a large membership and the support of the Central Union, and then necessarily of the whole of the organized vehicular traffic workers of the country, it is believed that certain grievances said to exist among the Cardiff tram men could be remedied.

It is learned from part 2 of the General Report of the Census of Ireland, that the population of Ireland in 1891, including the navy and military service in the country, was 4 704 750 (2,319,953 males and 2 385 277 females). In 1881 it was 5,174,836 (2 533,277 males and 2 641,559 females). There was therefore in the ten years a decrease of 470 086 persons, or 9 08 per cent. Catholics decreased from 3,960,891 1881 to 3 547 307 in 1891, or 10 4 per cent. Protestant Episcopalians decreased from 639,574 in 1881 to 600 103 in 1891 or 6 2 per cent. Presbyterians decreased 5 5 per cent, their numbers being 444 974 in 1791, as against 470,784 in 1881. Methodists showed an increase from 48 839 in 1881 to 55 500 in 1891, or 13 6 per cent. All other persuasions increased from 54,798 in 1881 to 56 866 in 1891, being an increase of 3 6 per cent. The Catholic clergy, who in 1881 counted 3 363 members, have during the decade received an accession to their number of 139. The Protestant Episcopalian clergy, who counted 1,826, have fallen to 1,784. The Presbyterian and Methodist clergy show a decrease of 57 and 20 respectively; while the religious bodies tabulated under the head of "All Other Persuasions" exhibit an increase of 49. Barristers and solicitors decreased by 43, the number in 1881 being 2 128 and in 1891 2 080. There was an increase of 11 among the Catholic members of these professions, and a decrease of 138 among the Protestant Episcopalians. Presbyterians show an increase of 59, while Methodists and all others had each small additions. Physicians and surgeons have decreased. They fell from 2 470 to 2,293. The Catholic and the Protestant Episcopalian members diminished by 81 and 130, respectively. The Presbyterians, Methodists and "all others" received each a small accession to their members. The females connected with the medical profession have risen from 711 in 1881, to 1 721 in 1891, which may be attributed to the large increase in the ranks of trained nurses, etc. The number of persons concerned in teaching shows a slight falling off—149 the 21,333 in 1881 becoming 21,190 in 1891. The Protestant Episcopalian members increased 79, Presbyterians, 133; Methodists, 90; and "all others," 163; but the Catholics fell off to the extent of 586. By far the largest number in this suborder are schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, with their assistants; the remainder are governesses, tutors, lecturers and professors. "Literary and scientific" persons composed mainly of young men aged 15 years and upward, tabulated under the heading "Student," have increased by 13,618. Of this number 13 343 belong to the line in question, the remainder of the increase (275) being contributed to by authors, journalists, reporters and persons engaged in scientific pursuits. Civil engineers and surveyors decreased from 1,430 to 1,318. The Catholic members of the profession have lost 106 of their number since 1881, and the Presbyterians, 26; the Protestant Episcopalians and Methodists have gained 18 and 3 respectively. Artists have increased from 3,428 to 4,008.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XI.

Lord Brougham, in his high-flown, classical way, described the horrors of the famine in Ireland as "surpassing anything in the page of Thucydides—on the canvas of Poussin—in the dismal chant of Dante." Such a visitation, falling suddenly upon any land, certainly imposes onerous duties upon its *de facto* government; and the very novelty of the circumstances, driving everything out of its routine course, might well excuse serious mistakes in applying a remedy to so monstrous a calamity. First, however, bear in mind that all the powers, revenues and resources of Ireland had been transferred to London. The Imperial parliament had dealt at its pleasure with the "sister island" for forty-six years, and had brought us to this. Second, remember that, now, for two years, a great majority of the Irish people had been earnestly demanding back those powers, revenues and resources, and the English people, through their executive, parliament and press, had unanimously vowed this must never be. They would govern us in spite of us, "under the blessing of Divine Providence," as the queen said. "Were the Union *gall*," said the *Times*, "swallow it you must."

Well, then, whatsoever duties may be supposed to fall upon a government, in case of such a national calamity, rested on the English government. We had no legislature at home; in the Imperial legislature we had but a delusive semblance of representation, and so totally useless was it that *National* Irish members of parliament preferred to stay at home. We had no authoritative mode of even suggesting what measures might (in mere Irish opinion) meet the case.

But we will see what was proposed by such public bodies in Ireland as still had power of meeting together in any capacity; the city corporations, for example, and especially the Repeal Association. It has been carefully inculcated upon the world by the British press, that the moment Ireland fell into distress, she became an abject beggar at England's gate; nay, that she even craved alms from all mankind. Some readers may be surprised when I affirm that neither Ireland, nor anybody in Ireland, ever asked alms or favors of any kind, either from England or any other nation or people; but, on the contrary, that it was England herself that begged for us, that sent round the hat over all the globe, asking a penny for the love of God to relieve the poor Irish; and further, that, constituting herself the almoner and agent of all that charity, she, England, took all the profit of it.

Before describing the actual process of the "Relief Measures," let us conjecture what would be the natural, obvious, and inevitable course of conduct in a nation which was indeed one undivided nation; France, for example. If blight and famine fell upon the South of France, the whole common revenue of the kingdom would certainly be largely employed in setting the people to labor upon works of public utility; in purchasing and storing, for sale at a cheap rate, such quantities of foreign corn as might be needed, until the season of distress should pass over, and another harvest should come. If Yorkshire and Lancashire had sustained a like calamity in England, there is no doubt such measures as these would have been taken, promptly and liberally. And we know that the English government is not slow to borrow money for great public objects, when it suits their policy so to do. They borrowed twenty millions sterling to give away to their slaveholding colonists for a mischievous whim. In truth, they are always glad of any occasion or excuse for borrowing money and adding it to the national debt—because, as they never intend to pay that debt, and as the stock and debentures of it are in the meantime their main safeguard against revolution, they would be well pleased to incur a hundred millions more at any moment. But the object must be popular in England; it must subserve some purpose of British policy—as in the case of the twenty millions borrowed to turn negroes wild—or the loans afterwards freely taken to crush the people of India, and preserve and extend the opium trade with China. To make an addition to the national debt, in order to preserve the lives of a million or two of Celts, would have seemed in England a singular application of money. To kill so many would have been well worth a war that would cost forty millions.

On the first appearance of the blight, the enemy sent over two learned commissioners, Playfair and Lindley, to Ireland, who, in conjunction with Dr. [afterward Sir Robert] Kane, were to examine and report upon potatoes generally, their diseases, habits, etc. This passed over the time for some weeks. Parliament was prorogued, and did not meet again until January.

In the meantime the corporation of Dublin sent a memorial to the queen, praying her to call parliament together at an early day, and to recommend the appropriation of some public money for public works, especially railways in Ireland. A deputation from the citizens of Dublin, including the Duke of Leinster, the Lord Mayor, Lord Cloncurry and Daniel O'Connell, waited on the lord lieutenant (Lord Heytesbury), to offer suggestions as to opening the ports to foreign corn at least, for a time, stopping distillation from grain, providing public works, and the like, and to urge that there was not a moment to be lost, as millions of people would shortly be without a morsel of food. The reply of Lord Heytesbury is a model in that kind. He told them they were premature; told them not to be alarmed; that learned men had been sent over from England to inquire into all those matters; that, in the meantime, the inspectors of constabulary and stipendiary magistrates were charged with making constant reports from their several districts; and there was "no immediate pressure on the market;" finally, that the case was a very important one, and it was evident no decision could be taken without a previous reference to the responsible advisers of the crown." In truth, no other answer was possible, because the viceroy knew nothing of Sir Robert Peel's intentions. To wait for the report of learned men—to wait for parliament—in short, to wait; that was the sole policy of the enemy for the present. He could wait; and he knew that hunger could not wait.

The town council of Belfast met and made suggestions similar to those of the Dublin corporation; but neither body asked charity. They demanded that. If Ireland was indeed an integral part of the realm, the common exchequer of both islands should be used—not to give alms, but to provide employment on public works of general utility.

The plea of the enemy for not being ready with any remedy was the suddenness of the calamity. Now, it happened that, nearly eleven years before, a certain "Select Committee," composed principally of Irish members of parliament, had been appointed by the house of commons to inquire into the condition of the Irish poor. They had reported even then in favor of promoting the reclamation of waste lands; had given their opinion decidedly (being Irish) that there was no real surplus of population, seeing that the island could easily sustain much more than its actual population, and export immense besides. Nevertheless, they warn the government that, "If the potato crop were a failure, its produce would be consumed long before they could acquire new means of subsistence; and then a famine ensues." Yet, when the famine did ensue, it took "the government" as much by surprise (or they pretended that it did), as if they had never been warned.

Not only the citizens of Cork and Belfast, but the Repeal Association, also had suggestions to make. Indeed, this last-named body was the only one that could pretend especially to represent the very class of people whose lives were endangered by the dearth. Let us see what they had to propose:

On the 8th of December, O'Connell, in the Repeal Association, said: "If they ask me what are my propositions for relief of the distress, I answer, first, *Tenant Right*. I would propose a law giving to every man his own. I would give the landlord his land, and a fair rent for it; but I would give the tenant compensation for every shilling he might have laid out on the land in permanent improvements. And what next do I propose? *Repeal of the Union.*" In the latter part of his speech, after detailing the means used by the Belgian legislature during the same season—shutting the ports against export of provisions, but opening them to import, and the like, he goes on:

"If we had a domestic parliament, would not the ports be thrown open—would not the abundant crops with which heaven has blessed her be kept for the people of Ireland—and would not the Irish parliament be more active even than the Belgian parliament to provide for the people food and employment? The blessings that would result from Repeal—the necessity for Repeal—the impossibility of the country enduring the want of Repeal—and the utter hopelessness of any other remedy—all those things powerfully urge you to join with me, and hurrah for the Repeal."

Still earlier, in November, O'Brien had used these words:

"I congratulate you, that the universal sentiment hitherto exhibited upon this subject has been that we will accept no English charity. The resources of this country are still abundantly adequate to maintain our population, and until those resources shall have been utterly exhausted, I hope there is no man in Ireland who will so degrade himself as to ask the aid of a subscription from England."

And the sentiment was received with "loud cheers." O'Brien's speech is an earnest and vehement adjuration not to suffer promises of "Relief," or vague hopes of English boons, to divert the country one moment from the great business of putting an end to the Union. Take one other extract from a speech of O'Connell's:

"If we had a paternal government, I should be first to counsel the appropriation of a portion of the revenues of Ireland to the wants of the people, and this, too, without very strictly considering whether the whole should be repaid or not. We have an abstract claim to such application of the Irish revenues; but if we were to advocate such an arrangement now we should be mocked and insulted. Therefore I approach the government of England on equal terms. I say to the English people—You are the greatest money-lenders in Europe, and I will suppose you to be as determined as *Shylock* in the play (hear, hear and cheers). During the last session of parliament, an Act was passed for the encouragement of drainage in England and Ireland. According to the provisions of this Act, any money advanced for the purpose of draining estates takes priority over the other charges affecting those estates, so that whatever amount of money may be so applied becomes the first charge on the estate of the proprietors of Ireland, and thus it is repayment secured beyond all hazard. The government can borrow as much money as they please on exchequer bills, at not more than 3 per cent. If they lend it out for the purpose of drainage, they can charge such proprietors as may choose to borrow, interest at the rate of 4 per cent. They, therefore, will have a clear gain of 1 per cent, and we shall owe them nothing. But they will stand indebted to us for affording them an opportunity of obtaining an advantageous investment of the capital at their disposal."

All this while, until after the meeting of parliament, there was no hint as to the intentions of government; and all this while the new Irish harvest of 1845 (which was particularly abundant), with immense herds of cattle, sheep and hogs, quite as usual, was floating off on every tide, out of every one of our thirteen sea ports, bound for England; and the landlords were receiving their rents, and going to England to spend them, and many hundreds of poor people had lain down and died on the roadsides for want of food, even before Christmas, and the famine not yet begun, but expected shortly.

All eyes were turned to parliament. The commission of learned naturalists—the inquiries and reports made by means of the constabulary, and various mysterious intimations in the government newspapers—all tended to produce the belief that the Imperial "government" was about to charge itself with the whole care and administration of the famine. And so it was—with a vengeance.

Late in January parliament assembled. From the queen's (that is Sir Robert Peel's) speech one thing was clear, that Ireland was to have a new "Coercion Bill." Extermination of tenantry had been of late more extensive than ever, and therefore there had been a few murders of landlords and agents—the most natural and inevitable thing in the world. The queen says:

"My Lords and Gentlemen—I have observed with deep regret the very frequent instances in which the crime of deliberate assassination has been of late committed in Ireland.

"It will be your duty to consider whether any measure can be devised calculated to give increased protection to life, and to bring to justice the perpetrators of so dreadful a crime."

Whereupon the *Nation* commented as follows:

"The only notice vouchsafed to this country is a hint that more gaols, more transportation, and more gibbets might be useful to us.

"Or, possibly, we wrong the minister; perhaps when her majesty says that 'protection must be afforded to life,' she means that the people are not to be allowed to die of hunger during the ensuing summer—or that the lives of tenants are to be protected against the extermination of clearing landlords—and that so 'deliberate assassination' may become less frequent. God knows what she means; the use of royal language is to conceal ideas."

The idea, however, was clear enough. It meant more police, more police taxes, police surveillance, and a law that every one should keep at home after dark. The speech goes on to refer to the approaching famine, and declares that her majesty had "adopted precautions" for its alleviation. This intimation served still further to make our people turn to "government" for counsel and for aid. Who can blame them? "Government" had seized upon all our means and resources. It was confidently believed they intended to let us have the use of some part of our money in this deadly emergency. It was even fondly imagined by some sanguine persons that the government had it in contemplation to stop the export of provisions from Ireland—as the Belgian legislature had from Belgium, and the Portuguese from Portugal, until our own people should first be fed. It was not known, in short, what "government" intended to do, or how far they would go. All was mystery; and this very mystery paralyzed such private and local efforts by charitable persons, as might otherwise have been attempted in Ireland.

The two great leading measures proposed in this parliament by the administration were—first, a Coercion Bill for Ireland; and, second, Repeal of the Corn Laws. This repeal of the duties on foreign corn had long been demanded by the manufacturing and trading interests of England, and had been steadily opposed by the great land proprietors. Sir Robert Peel, as a conservative statesman, had always hitherto vigorously opposed the measure, but early in this parliament he suddenly announced himself a convert to free trade in corn, and even used the pretext of the famine in Ireland to justify himself and carry his measure. He further proposed to abolish the duties on foreign beef, and mutton, and bacon. Shall we exclude any kind of food from our ports, he said, while the Irish are starving?

That is to say, the premier proposed to cheapen those products which England bought, and which Ireland had to sell. Ireland imported no corn or beef; she exported those commodities. Hitherto she had an advantage over American and other corn-growers in the English market, because there was a duty on foreign, but not on Irish provisions. Henceforth the agricultural produce of all the world was to be admitted on the same terms—duty free; and precisely to the extent that this would cheapen provisions to the English consumer, it would impoverish the Irish producer. The great mass of the Irish people were almost unacquainted with the taste of bread and meat; they raised those articles, not to eat, but to sell and pay their rents with. Yet many of the Irish people, stupefied by the desolation they saw around them, had cried out for "opening the ports," instead of closing them. The Irish ports were open enough; much too open; and an Irish parliament if there had been one, would instantly have closed them in this emergency.

In looking over the melancholy records of these famine years, I find that usually the right view was seized, and the right word said, by William Smith O'Brien; and as he was always moderate in expression—never saying anything that he could not more than substantiate—I am glad to perceive that he fully concurs in this view of Peel's measure. He said, in the Repeal Association:

"With respect to the proposal before us, I have to remark that it professes to abrogate all protection. It is, in my opinion, a proposal manifestly framed with a view to English rather than Irish interests. About two-thirds of the population of England (that, I believe, is the proportion) are dependent on manufactures and commerce, directly or indirectly. In this country about nine tenths of the population are dependent on agriculture directly or indirectly. It is clearly the object of the English minister to obtain the agricultural produce which the people of this country send to England, at the lowest possible price—that is to say, to give as little as possible of English manufactures and of foreign commodities in return for the agricultural produce of Ireland."

If this was the minister's design, one can appreciate the spirit in which he addressed himself to the "relief measures" for Ireland. The measures were to commence by depreciating all our produce say to the amount of two millions sterling per annum. And observe, that this did not give the slightest chance of the Irish people themselves being able to purchase and consume one grain of corn or one ounce of meat the more—because, except by the sale of those articles, Ireland had no money. So accurately the British legislation of half a century had arranged our affairs and fitted them to the hand of England.

Stupid and ignorant peers and landed men in England cried out bitterly against the premier's desertion of their party, and declared that the "agricultural interest of England was betrayed." Blockheads! Their minister was caring for them better than they could ask or think.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

In Memoriam

At the last meeting of Div No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians of East St. Louis, Ill., the following resolutions in memory of their deceased brother, Maurice Bunyan, were introduced and adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst our beloved brother, Maurice Bunyan, and

Whereas, By his death his family has been deprived of a loving and faithful husband and father, the Ancient Order of Hibernians an honored and faithful member, and society an esteemed and respected citizen.

Resolved, That we extend to the family of our deceased brother our most profound sympathy in this the sad hour of their bereavement, and pray that the Father of all may help them to bear their great burden of sorrow. Be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased brother, and also spread upon the records of this division; also a copy to be sent to the *Western Hibernian*, of St. Louis, and The Citizen of Chicago, for publication.

James J. Rafter,
Thomas May, Jr.,
P. C. T. Berry,
Committee.

It Is Not What We Say

But what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that makes it sell, and has given it such a firm and lasting hold upon the confidence of the people.

For a dinner pill and general family cathartic we confidently recommend **Hood's Pills**

Literary Notes.

Walter Blackburn Harte contributes a strong indictment of "society" to the September *New England Magazine*, under the caption of "The Author and Society." He says a dollarocracy only produces dollars and fools and serfs; and to live with fools is to be a sort of Robinson Crusoe, tortured with the shadows of men. "Society" people he calls geese and poll-parrots in stays and starch, and asserts that they are merely the symbols of their possessions. It is an article which those in and out of "society" will read with interest.

HYMENEAL.

SMITH—DORIS

On the 15th of August, at the Roman Catholic church, Westport, Ireland, Mr. P. G. Smyth, (cousin of John M. Smyth, of Chicago), who is well known to readers of this paper, formerly editor of the *Western People*, Ballina, and author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," etc., was married to Miss Katie A. Doris, daughter of Mr. Robert Doris, Westport, and sister of Mr. William Doris, an ex-suspect who was an active assistant secretary of the old Land League. The Rev. John P. Canning, Adm., officiated, and the ceremony took place at the Blessed Virgin's altar in the presence of a large number of friends. Mr. P. Beirne, Ballina, acted as best man, and Miss M. A. Doris, who was prettily dressed in white, was bridesmaid to her sister. The bride, who wore a white silk dress trimmed with Orange blossoms, was given away by her father, and there were also in the sanctuary Messrs. William and P. J. Doris, her brothers. Immediately after the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of Mr. B. Doris, where with a large party of friends they were entertained at breakfast. In the evening they drove to Ballycroy and were met by the Rev M. Smyth and the Misses Smyth, brother and sisters of the bridegroom. A very enjoyable evening was spent, and the happy pair returned to Westport on the following morning. Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Smyth left Queenstown by the City of Paris on Aug. 18 for Chicago, which is to be their future home.

MR. JAMES P. MURPHY.

Career of an Able and Patriotic Irish-American.

[*From the Joliet Courier, Aug. 26.*]

Hon. James P. Murphy, justice of the peace of this city, and one of the early pioneers of this district, leaves next Saturday, the 27th of this month, to revisit the scenes of his youth in Ireland, and with this object in view will sail from New York on the city of Paris the following Wednesday, the 31st of August.

What a silent study for our venerable citizen, both on land and ocean, is thus furnished by an interval of forty two years! It is unnecessary for either to give up their pale spectres to speak of the mysteries of the vasty depths or appall the voyager who returns "to catch one fading ray of joy that's left behind us." The reality was certainly not one of joy left behind in Ireland immediately after the famine, when the bottomless ships of evil memories had less terrors than the coffinless grave on land. Every country and clime bore evidence of the exodus of emigrants from Ireland, and the poet Campbell immortalized himself and the exiles from that famine-stricken land in those days by his "Exile of Erin." Lord Byron, in Childe Harold's Pilgrimage says:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin; his control
Stops with the shore. Upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deeds; nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and alone."

It was in 1850, the period of which Sir Charles Gavin Duffy described Ireland as a corpse on the dissecting table, that Mr. Murphy, with his wife and one child, left his home in Dumfeesy, Ballycastle, county Mayo, Ireland, and landed in England, where he worked at the tailor's trade in Leeds, Bradford and Liverpool, and in 1853 embarked for New York on the sailing vessel Katie Hunter from that port, making the voyage in forty-nine days, which was the considered average time—a voyage covered in 5 days, 15 hours and 28 minutes the present day by the City of Paris, of the Inman Line, on which Mr. Murphy is booked by M. F. Loughran for his next journey to and from Ireland.

On arriving in New York our esteemed citizen settled down to his trade at West Chester for one year, and another year at Chautauqua, N. Y., and then taking Horace Greeley's advice set out for Chicago, where he remained from 1855 to 1858, when he took up his belongings for Joliet, and on reaching here he made up his mind that this city was his future home.

Mr. Murphy's history since then is well known to every old resident. He was in at the beginning of the city's development from an infant to a muscular athlete, the crowning triumphs of which are yet to be recorded. He did not sit down to watch, wait and profit by the enterprise and push of others, but where work was to be done was first with his shoulder to the wheel to propel the chariot of progress over every obstruction. The public positions he held through the gift of the people is the best evidence that he discharged the duties of public office conscientiously, ably and satisfactorily, and still holds the scales of justice in a manner worthy of the inspiration of the goddess whose vision is obscured to partiality and prejudice. He has served three terms (of 2 years) as alderman in the city council, and is now serving his last year of the fourth term (of four years) as justice of the peace.

In politics the Squire has been a Republican since the days of Lincoln, having voted for that president's second term. His withdrawal then from the Democratic party he states was due to the great issues of secession and slavery, and since then he owes his allegience to the party of the banner of protection, of which he is still an ardent upholder.

As an advocate of temperance his views are prominently known, as he has been an active worker in that cause over twenty years, when he took the pledge from the Rev. Walter Power at the time that the Father Mathew's temperance society was organized in St. Patrick's parish. He has been faithful to his pledge to date, and it may safely be said he will remain so to the end of the chapter. His two sons, Michael and Martin, have also joined the ranks of total abstainers, and they preside over happy homes, which commendable condition in life is also the lot of two married daughters. The eldest daughter is unmarried, and looks to the happiness and welfare of her parents in their comfortable home on South Ottawa street. He also owns considerable real estate, and although still conducting a merchant tailoring establishment with his eldest son he could retire comfortably on his honestly acquired means.

Justice Murphy, although winter's frost has bleached his hair to its silvery hue, yet it has dealt kindly with his person and features, as the sunny smiles of youth have not departed, and his footsteps are as elastic on the picnic ground or the baseball diamond as the youngest in the crowd.

Party politics will not mar the good feelings of every citizen in wishing Mr. Murphy a pleasant journey, a warm welcome and a safe return.

"The Exile of Erin" was written thirty-five years when the Irish famine occurred.

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Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:35 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

A Choice List of Summer Resorts.

In the Lake regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and the two Dakotas, there are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes. Among the following selected list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest roads in the northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and Milwaukee & Northern Railroad: Oconomowoc, Minocqua, Waukesha, Palmyra, Tomahawk Lakes, Lakeside Kilbourn City (Dells of the Wisconsin), Beaver Dam, Madison, Delavan, Sparta, Pewaukee, Wauwatosa, and Elkhart Lake, Wis.; Clear Lake, Lakes Okoboji and Spirit Lake, Ia.; Marquette, Ontonagon and Mackinaw, Mich.; Frontenac, Lake Minnetonka, Ortonville, Prior Lake and White Bear Lake, Minn.; Lake Madison and Big Stone Lake, S. Dakota.

For detailed information, apply to any coupon ticket agent, or send stamp for a free illustrated tourist folder, to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

The Lottery Obeys the Law.

In view of the contradictory rumors circulated regarding the intentions of the Louisiana State Lottery Company and in order to accurately answer numerous inquiries, a representative of the *Times-Democrat* yesterday interviewed Mr. Paul Conrad, the president of the company, with the result expressed below:

Reporter—Mr. Conrad, it was asserted some weeks ago in the Northern newspapers, and the statement has since been revived recently, that the company is about to remove to Nicaragua, and there, under a government franchise, open up the business on a grander scale than ever.

President Conrad—I have heard something of this, but there is no foundation for it. The company has officially stated that it bows to the decision of the Supreme Court and will respect the laws.

Reporter—Then you have no plans of future action?

President Conrad—I cannot state the case more strongly than was done at the time the company decided not to attempt to obtain a renewal of its charter. I can only repeat that the company will continue in business until the expiration of its present charter and then cease to exist. I cannot understand, after all that has been said, why there should be any confusion in the public mind about the matter.

Reporter—Have you any objection to my stating this as a finality for the satisfaction of the public?

President Conrad—None whatever.

Reporter—Some of the Eastern papers, Mr. Conrad, persistently assert that the lottery company continues to use the United States mails in the prosecution of its business; will you kindly tell me if that is true?

President Conrad—It is utterly untrue. We are obeying the law in its letter and spirit, and our agents everywhere are instructed to obey it. We are using the express companies only in our business, and in all our circulars are printed instructions to all persons dealing with us to avoid the mails.—*Times-Democrat*, New Orleans (La.), June 1.

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p.m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A. N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

Sunday Service.

On Sunday, May 22, the Wisconsin Central lines resumed its popular train service between Chicago, Waukesha and the Lake Region. Trains leave the Grand Central Passenger Station for Lake Villa (Fox Lake), Antioch, Mukwonago and Waukesha at 8:30 a. m., Sunday, arriving at Lake Villa, 10:33 a. m.; Antioch, 10:40 a. m.; Mukwonago, 11:40 a. m.; and Waukesha, 11:50 a. m. Returning trains leave Waukesha at 4:45 p. m.; Mukwonago, 5:05 p. m.; Antioch, 6:18 p. m.; Lake Villa, 6:30 p. m.; arriving at Chicago at 8:45 p. m. For the accommodation of excursionists desiring to remain in the country over Sunday "The Business Man's Special" will again be placed in service. This train will leave Waukesha at 5:30 a. m., arriving at Chicago at 8:50 a. m. For tickets, time tables and pamphlets apply to George K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, or to James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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O'Donnell Bro's, Dealers in All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities. Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6 per cord delivered. Office and Yard 803 West Taylor street, between Halsted street and Blue Island avenue.

Grocers.

Horgan, William, Dealer in Teas, Wines and Liquors, 44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago. Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

O'Brien, P. Dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries and Ship Supplies. Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware. 343 W. Harrison street. Orders called for and delivered Free of Charge.

O'Donohue, J. J. Dealer in Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Headquarters for Imported Dilisk, 113 Erie-st., corner Market, Chicago.

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KANAUNEE HEIGHTS.

The Yankees halted in yonder glen,
A ragged column of ragged men;
Just where the brook leaps, babbling shrill,
Down from the heights of Kanaunee hill;
And camp lights gleamed.

Weary and spent, forlorn and sad,
Were soldier veteran and soldier lad,
Fainting with hunger and sore oppressed,
They flung themselves on the ground to rest
Till daylight beamed.

Up and down the pickets trod,
Up and down the sweet green sod,
With watchful glances ever kept
Toward Kanaunee heights where the British slept
And dreamed of death.

Down and up, while the tired camp
Silent lay in the dusk and damp,
Save now and then a dreamer smiled
And called on mother or wife or child
With bated breath.

Up and down through Kanaunee lawn,
Up and down till the morning dawn,
Then swift sprang the soldiers, gaunt and gray,
To greet the sun and the battle fray
With souls of steel!

Souls of steel and muscles of might,
Strong are they who fight for the right,
"For God, for home, for America!
Cheer!" cried the general; "Hurrah, hurrah!
The foe shall reel!"

And reel they did! In a crimson flood
The broad sun bathed that night—in blood!
The British staggered, for God's own hand
Took up the sword of an outraged land
And sheathed it then.

Sheathed it in many a noble breast,
E'er sunk the sun down Kanaunee's crest.
Though brave be foeman and strong of limb,
What shall avail when God copes with him?
Ye well may ken.

And the pale moon grew more pale and gray
That night as she gazed where the sleepers lay;
The sleepers that slept so strangely still
On the crimson grass of Kanaunee hill—
And never stirred!

But down in the valley another camp
Lay a-drowse in the dusk and damp;
And now and then a dreamer smiled,
And called on mother or wife or child.
The pale moon heard.

—Bee Evelyn Phinney in Youth's Companion.

MARY'S SOLDIER.

"Speaking of court martial," said my friend the general, "I recollect one which terminated more pleasantly, and yet it was a narrow squeak for the poor fellow."

"Tell me about it," I urged as the man brought us our coffee and cigars.

"Do you know what 'In front of the enemy' means in military parlance?" he asked thoughtfully as he flecked away the first ash.

"Why, I suppose in front of the enemy means—in front of the enemy."

"Sapient youth! In time of actual warfare all troops as soon as they have been mustered into service are in front of the enemy."

"When they get there?"

"No; at once."

"Then a regiment raised here in New York during the rebellion, as soon as it had been sworn in, was in front of the enemy?"

"Precisely. And thereby hangs a tale."

"It gave carpet knights a chance for pensions," I reflected, "but it must have caused some cruel misunderstandings."

"Not at all. The articles of war are explicit, and if there's one thing drummed into a soldier's ears day in and day out it's the articles of war. They are his creed."

"Yet how many of us can repeat our creed correctly? Can you?"

"You just ought to hear me! But to my story: At one time during the latter part of the war I was stationed here in New York, detailed as inspector general to raise a brigade. I had been successful, and my camp of instruction contained fair material. It was a few miles distant on foreign soil."

"What!"

"Yes, in Jersey. One afternoon, while I was resting in my quarters after the fatigues of a hot day, an orderly brought me the unpleasant tidings that my camp was in an uproar. The men refused to obey orders, and open violence impended."

"What was the reason?"

"There's no reason for disobedience in the service; yet I admit to you there was an excuse. I had seen cause for trouble for some time, and had striven to avert it. The pay was in arrears through some red tape delay. The men were poor and their families were suffering."

"No wonder."

"There should be wonder," my friend the general sternly interrupted. "These men had sworn allegiance to the flag; yet ere the words had fairly died away were in open revolt. No wonder, indeed! Well, I assure you I was in a precious funk. Did you ever see a mob? No? Then you have missed the most awful manifestation of cruelty, cowardice, brutality, diabolism which the imagination can picture. I believe that mobs become infected with madness; otherwise I would believe that man is a degenerate beast. Well, a mob of soldiery is of all the worst. The stricter the discipline the more uncontrolled the reaction. Besides, bloodshed is an habituated idea. One shot, and the devil drives. But I had to go."

"Of course you went. A man of your acknowledged daring"——

"Tut, tut! The bravest often fear the most. They don't show it, though, and I didn't. But it seemed the forlornest of hopes. I dressed myself carefully in full uniform. Why? Because an officer who expects obedience must first command respect. If he wishes his soldiers to be orderly he must set the example, for no men are more critical or imitative. I hastened over the ferry and soon reached the high board fence which encircled the encampment. From within came a confused rumble like the portent of a storm. I approached the wicket. It was locked. I peered through the lattice. There was the sentry, sure enough; but with what a difference! His musket leaned against a post. He sullenly slouched up and down, with hands in pockets, in no ways heeding my presence. I would like to have shot that man, but I was bound and braced with self control.

"'Attention!' I commanded sharply. The man stared, then straightened, seized his musket, presented and stood as a soldier.

"'Open that gate!'

"He obeyed at once, and I passed through and marched quickly forward. All over the field were knots of men shouting, gesticulating, fiercely harranguing. Here and there were a few officers arguing and pleading in vain. The majority, however, sat dejected within their tents. It was a most distressing sight for a true soldier.

"I approached the first group of about 200 frenzied men. A captain was just leaving them, pursued by taunts and jeers. He was an insignificant man, with a repulsive face; naturally pompous in bearing, but now thoroughly cowed. Yet as he saw me he assumed a certain uneasy bravado.

"'Captain Johnson, at your service, sir,' he announced as he saluted.

"'What does this mean?' I asked.

"'They are fiends incarnate, general!' he exclaimed as he glanced over his shoulder. 'They will murder us all and ravage the town. Oh, what shall you do?'

"'I shall form the men.'

"'Impossible. Why, that's just what I've been trying, but'——

"'Silence, sir.'

"As I reached the mob I noticed one face alone which expressed respect or sympathy. All others bore a look of malevolence. A young soldier, well set up and scrupulously neat, seemed to be attempting to dissuade his comrades from some mad project. He was a fine looking fellow with a long, light mustache and bright, blue eyes from which, as I say, I caught a flash of admiration.

"I drew my sword and stood upright and motionless before the men.

"'Attention, men! Fall in!' I commanded.

"There was a hesitation, a momentary huddling together, and then they arrayed themselves.

"Present arms! Carry arms! Order arms! Parade rest!' I ordered and they obeyed.

"Behind me stood a knot of wondering officers.

"'How do you dare?' I began. Then arose a growl from the ranks. 'We want our rights. We'll get them too. We demand our pay. We won't stand such treatment. Our wives, our children are starving.'

"'Silence!' I warned them. 'Not another word. If you have grievances, if you have complaints, send them through the proper channel, and they shall be heard and allayed, I promise you. Men, I'm ashamed of you. While your comrades are in the field facing privation and danger and death for the glory of that old flag which you have only just sworn to defend, you, for a trifling delay which the throes of our government should excuse, dare to murmur and revolt. Out upon such soldiers! Do you know what you risk? Do you appreciate that I have but to step to that telegraph and the regulars will surround you and rake your camp with an enfilading fire? Do you long to serve your country at the Dry Tortugas? Have a care, or there you shall be sent, weighted with the contempt of all loyal men. Officers, to your posts! There will be a review presently.'

"'Three cheers for the general!' shouted the clear voice of the blue eyed recruit as I turned away, and they were given with a will.

"So I went through that camp, speaking as I never had spoken, inwardly overwrought with excitement, but outwardly the cold, distant personification of discipline. Within two hours I had that brigade formed in a hollow square, and from its center I renewed my threats and my promises. They were effective. Reason returned to the men and with it came shame. What had looked like a dangerous outbreak was quelled by moral force.

"As I left the parade I met Captain Johnson.

"'By the way, captain,' I asked, 'who is that bright looking young soldier of yours who seemed to be resisting the madness of the men?' The captain scowled quite unnecessarily.

"'That's Thomas Browne,' he answered moodily. 'He doesn't amount to much.'

"I'm certain you don't, I reflected as I returned to the city.

"A month passed by. Discipline had done its perfect work. The mob had become a well drilled brigade. The men had received their arrears, and were eager to wipe out disgrace and to achieve renown in action. The order for their advance was expected daily. I sat in my quarters in the city, alone and idle, for my duty had been fulfilled and I was about to report at Washington. The door opened and a tall, slender young woman, neatly dressed, stood before me. Her face was pallid; her large black eyes shone intensely.

"'Oh, sir,' she exclaimed, 'save my soldier! He said that you might,' and she sank in a chair by my side weeping and moaning and wringing her fragile hands in a manner most pitiable to behold.

"'But, my dear madam,' I expostulated sternly, 'this won't do at all. If you wish my aid you must be calm and sensible. Tell me who you are, who your soldier is, and what you want.'

"My severity succeeded, as I intended it should. She was a stout hearted little thing, and she gulped down her sobs, and in a moment sat upright and tranquil.

"'I beg your pardon,' she said gently, and I felt like a brute. 'My name is Mary Graeme, and—and I'm engaged to Thomas Browne. He's my soldier, you know, and he's in the camp over in New Jersey.'

"'Thomas Browne!' Oh! I remembered. 'Yes, my dear,' I replied. 'A fine looking young fellow, with bright blue eyes, I think?'

"'Oh, such bonny eyes, so tender, so true! And they speak his nature, believe me. I know him so well; we were little children together. He has been placed under arrest, sir, and is to be tried before the court martial now in session.'

"'For what offense?'

"'He was a sentry, sir, and was found asleep on his post.'

"Phew! Here was a pretty mess indeed for the young recruit.

"'My dear child,' I responded gravely, 'this is a most serious matter. Asleep on his post of duty in the face of the enemy! Why, it may cost him his life! And at the very time, too, when there has been a revolt in the camp and the court feels the necessity of a stern example.'

"I shook my head dubiously."

"Here my friend the general paused to light a cigar, and I sprang at once into the breach.

"Hold on!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to seriously claim that a sentry might be executed for sleeping on his post in a suburb of New York, 400 miles away from any enemy?"

My friend the general nodded.

"I explained all that to you in the first place," he replied. "Given those facts, the court would find him guilty and the articles of war prescribe death as the penalty. Courts martial must render an absolute, unqualified verdict of either guilty or not guilty. Mitigating circumstances can only be considered in review."

"I don't think much of your courts martial," I retorted hotly. "Nine old grannies stiff with precedent and prejudice, and a Pooh Bah of a judge advocate setting up a theory in one breath and upsetting it with another."

"'The old grannies' are men of honor, mark you, and the judge advocate will receive more credit for acquitting than for convicting. Lord deliver me from your starved out juries and your ambitious prosecuting attorneys. But you civilians are all alike, sir; you can't comprehend."

"Don't let my stupidity spoil your story, general; I'm deeply interested."

"Let me see, where was I? Oh! As I spoke the poor child wavered like a rare, pale lily in a storm. But she remembered my warning, though her eyes streamed and her hands strained in their grasp.

"'Oh, sir, but he isn't guilty, the poor boy. Think how tired he was. Up the whole night; ordered on duty again the moment he was relieved. It was inhuman. No wonder he dozed without knowing it.'

"'But'——

"'Oh, sir, I know what you would say: It couldn't be. But it was. The orderly sergeant has always hated him. On the day before he had ordered Tom—excuse me, sir, Thomas—when he was off duty to clean the equipments of another soldier, which Thomas refused to do.'

"'He was perfectly right there.'

"'So Thomas says. Besides he was expecting to see me. But that night when he came off his post, oh, so tired, the sergeant ordered him right on again to take the place of the soldier whose arms he wouldn't clean.'

"'If this is so, no court will punish him for falling asleep.'

"'I'm so delighted. That's what Thomas said he knew you would say. You are so learned in the regulations. But he didn't mean to—oh, no indeed. He's so ashamed, when he has been so anxious to distinguish himself for me.' And here a blush deepened through poor Mary's cheeks.

"'He shall have the chance, never fear. But why didn't you go to his captain? Does he know these facts?'

"Again Mary blushed and far less transiently. Her fingers picked her dress uneasily.

"'Captain Johnson,' she faltered. 'He doesn't like Tom; he—he—likes me.'

"'Oh, ho!' Here was a little drama. I recalled the captain's repulsive face and sullen ways and I recognized the villain's part.

"'Besides,' she continued, 'the orderly is his brother-in-law.'

"'And he tells a far different story, I suspect.'

"'Indeed, yes; there is no hope for Thomas from either of them.'

"'Well, my dear, save your tears and keep a stout heart. I like your soldier and I like you. I believe the story and you shall have my aid. But be cautious and secret. The court is now in session, you say?'

"'Yes, sir; all this week. But Thomas' case was only reached this afternoon just before adjournment.'

"'Then I must act at once. Goodby now; you may rely on me.' And with a God bless you, which it seems as if I could feel even now, the girl withdrew. Yet with a sudden inspiration I called after her, 'What is the name of the soldier whose place Thomas took?'

"'Joseph Brant.'

"Here surely was a difficult situation. The sergeant hostile, the captain vindictive—what hope gleamed for Mary's soldier? Yet I followed the inspiration. The proof—if I only could get the proof! It existed unless cunning had destroyed it. Again I arrayed myself in full fig. Again I hastened over the ferry to the camp. I sought the sergeant's tent and I found him within and alone. 'Too stupid to be provident,' was my mental glance. 'Sergeant, your detail book at once,' I commanded. The man stared and gaped and then handed it to me without a word.

"I went to a retired spot. I turned the pages with trembling fingers. Ah, fate had favored me. There was the record for the night in question, and among the reliefs I didn't find the name of Thomas Browne, but I did find that of Joseph Brant.

"Then I visited the judge advocate, a friend of mine, a fine fellow, now a supreme court judge of this state. Put that in your civil pipe and smoke it.

"'What sort of a man is Captain Johnson?' I asked.

"My friend shrugged his broad shoulders.

"'Humph!' he replied. 'With all there is back of him he ought to get the single star in six months.'

"'Fluence, hey?'

"'Great. But, man to man now, why do you ask?'

"'You needn't go any further, old fellow, your scruples reveal more than they conceal. But to change the subject. I am going to put a hypothetical case to you, and I want you to tell me just how you would act regarding it.' And I detailed the facts of Mary's soldier's troubles, using of course assumed names.

"The judge advocate deliberated. 'A difficult and delicate matter,' he said. 'The man is innocent, but he would be condemned. The sentence would be commuted on review; still his career would be ruined. I think I should do this: I should lay these inside facts confidentially before the president of the court. Then, if he approved, at the next session I should announce that the main witness, the officer of the day, was absent—and he would be too. And in view of the stress of other business, and of the grave doubts as to the defendant's culpability, I should ask that the case be dismissed.'

"'You would surely do this?'

"'Certainly. It would be the quickest and most prudent way out of a nasty rush.'

"'Then listen, old fellow.' And I explained my parable to him. And here's the proof, I said, in conclusion, and I showed him the sergeant's detail book.

"'The villains!' he exclaimed. 'I'll stick to my word, never fear. It's the wisest course too. At this present crisis the friends of that captain must not be offended. His time may come. But that sergeant should be punished in some way.'

"'Leave that to me. He shall lose his chevrons, I promise you.'

"'Very well. I'm off to see the president.'

"The next morning came. The court convened. Mary was present, anxious yet hopeful, with her gaze fixed on the erect, manly form of her soldier. So, too, were the captain and the sergeant in attendance, the former exultant, the latter secretly worried. But I looked in vain for the officer of the day.

"The judge advocate was faithful to his rehearsal and letter perfect in his part.

"'I do therefore suggest,' he said in conclusion, 'that this charge against Private Thomas Browne be dismissed.'

"'This seems a proper disposition,' said the president. 'I think so,' said each officer, from the junior to the senior, and Thomas Browne left the courtroom a free man, with the devoted Mary clinging to his arm.

"I caught Captain Johnson as he was sneaking away with a white, scared face. 'Captain,' I said, 'I learned the truth of this matter, and I am responsible for this ending. You've had a lucky escape. Now, mark my words. You will reduce that orderly sergeant to the ranks forthwith. He won't appeal to the colonel, nor will the colonel question the act.'

"'I will do so, sir,' he murmured as he hung his head and went to his quarters. I never saw him again, but after the war, at Washington, I met Mary, a happy bride, with her soldier, and on his broad shoulders shone the insignia of a major.

"So you see, said my friend the general as he tossed away his neglected cigar, "that even in the army there were such refinements of your civil law as withdrawing a juror and horsesheddding the court; but always done from an honorable motive, sir, an honorable motive."—New York Times.

When Fruit Trees Need the Bee.

In very fine seasons when the springs are bright, fine and mild fruit will doubtless set very well without the intervention of bees—the wind, assisted by the sunshine, being a sufficient agent for the distribution of the pollen; but in cold, wet seasons the aid of bees is unquestionably essential to the fertilization of the bloom by carrying the pollen, not anywhere at haphazard, as the wind does, but from blossom to blossom and nowhere else.

In wet and cold weather the pollen is more inclined to adhere to the blossoms than in fine, warm weather, and thus it is that the wind fails in unfavorable seasons to secure that which can then be obtained only by the help of bees—viz., the proper fertilization of the fruit blossom, with the result of a proportionately abundant crop of fruit.

I would invite any persons who may be incredulous on this point to visit in a confessedly bad fruit year—say during August or the early part of September—the localities in which our great apiaries are situated. Let them carefully view the country lying in a radius of two miles from the apiary itself, and they will find that in almost every case the fruit trees are laden with heavy crops, while they will observe as they get farther from the vicinity of the apiary (supposing that not very many bees are kept in the country around) that the fruit crops steadily deteriorate.

I am convinced that so soon as beekeepers and fruit farmers begin to recognize the importance of the one industry in relation to the other more prosperous times will be in store for both, and we shall not only hear of better fruit harvests, but of larger returns of honey also.—G. G. Samson's "Guide to Bees."

A Distinctly Novel Beverage.

A number of trials have been made of a beverage particularly novel, which might be termed "antade." A few hundred ants were crushed at a time in a mortar with a pestle, and the liquid from them after being strained was mixed just like lemon juice, with water and sugar. The resulting beverage resembles lemonade so closely as to be scarcely distinguishable from it.

The reason why is very easy to explain. Formic acid is the nearest approach to citric acid, which gives lemon juice its flavor, known to the chemist. In fact there is very little difference between them.—Table.

It Was Like Her.

"I see you have another piece of classic statuary, Alicia," said Harold McGiven as he followed his betrothed into the parlor and minutely inspected the new statue.

"No, Harold, dear; this is my cousin from Boston," explained Alicia, and the girl from the east nearly moved a muscle at Harold's appreciation.—Detroit Free Press.

A SAILING DAY SCENE

ON THE DOCK WHEN A BIG OCEAN STEAMER MAKES HER START.

Some of the Amusing and Ludicrous Incidents Witnessed on the Wharf on a Day When a Well Known Steamship Is About to Sail.

A sailing day at the docks of any of our huge ocean going boats is an interesting and amusing occasion. The dock is nothing more than a long shed stretching out several hundred feet into the river, with two offices, one on either side, and littered over with casks, bales and cases of merchandise, either uncalled for from the last steamer in or waiting for the next outgoing vessel. And the baggage! It comes down on the transfer wagons, and on the hotel 'buses and carriage footboards—mountains of it. Some of it is labeled "cabin," but most of it "hold," and you see it run up the baggage gangway and swung out over the open hatchway. There is a rattle and crash at the donkey engine as these American "boxes" are consigned to the depth below.

Next in importance is the hand baggage, and this consists not only of bags, but overcoats, rugs and wraps of every conceivable description. The inexperienced traveler has been told that they weigh all the trunks in Europe and charge accordingly, so he loads himself down with bundles and boxes galore, forgetting that the first principle of a successful going abroad is to travel in "light marching order."

It is surprising, too, how much enthusiasm can be kindled in the breasts of your friends when you are going abroad. In fact, you never can tell the measure of your own popularity until an occasion of this kind, when they combine to give you a "sendoff," often going so far as to hire a tug and an "Eyetalian" band of music to accompany the party going abroad as far down the bay as the chartered steamer can keep pace with the Cunard, White Star, Guion or Inman liner, or, what is more to the point, when the "sendoff" party reach a few of the white caps and the inrolling swell from the lower bay.

Some friends have come all smiles and cheers, others lachrymose and full of sighs. And there by the rail is a party of five, silent and constrained amid so much light heartedness and hilarity. It is mother and father and two sisters; the brother is leaning against a pile of steamer chairs, and the wondering, eager look, that brilliant sunken eye, and hectic flush on the pale wan cheek, tell why he, when too late, is going abroad.

And how many times some people will kiss each other! And how many last messages, and frequently, too, commissions which mean an infraction of Uncle Sam's custom laws at the end of the return trip, are exchanged at the last moment!

In the midst of all this turmoil and crowding and pushing to and fro, the old timers, with their record of many voyages, look on in amused disgust, and wonder why some people can make such a fuss about such a little thing as going abroad.

A fortune, too, is spent on flowers. Huge baskets, set pieces, wreaths, bouquets and cut flowers ad infinitum cover the tables of "social hall," and make the already close atmosphere heavier and more unbearable yet by their sweet perfumes. To me this floral extravagance means a ridiculous waste of money. In a day they have wilted and drooped and are thrown overboard.

Here comes an excited group up the companionway. You hear a confused jumble between man and woman about keys left on her bureau, and you are conscious she has left the keys of her steamer trunk behind. The man fairly shoots down the gangway, leaps into the nearest cab and begins a wild drive for those keys. Meanwhile the woman haunts the entrance to the gangway, and five minutes after the man has gone she finds the missing key securely stowed away in her pocketbook. Her troubles of going abroad are beginning early.

Now that ponderous whistle deafens the ears of all on board. There are final tears and smiles and embracings, a rush down the gangway by the well dressed mob and then some climb on the near by cases or gather on the outer end of the dock to catch the last glimpse of the ship. Handkerchiefs are tied to canes and parasols; there is much cheering and last farewells. One young man calls out in a stentorian voice, "Give my love to Mary!" whereat there are cheers and laughter. And now at the far end of the dock there is a rattle and rumble and two cabs come tearing along. One contains a belated passenger, who has just time to scramble on board, the other the man who went after the key. And as the lady holds up the missing article, a conciliatory smile upon her face, that man sinks back upon a bale of goods, looking unutterable things.

The key to the situation is plain to everybody. Now the "planks" are down, and slowly and silently the huge black ship, that seems so high out of the water that she looks like a great warehouse afloat, backs out of her dock and is soon in midstream. Slowly yet she swings around and finally squares away, her nose pointing for the Narrows. A moment she seems to hang and to be taken aback by the tide, then forges ahead. The flag is dipped, then hauled down from the flagpole on the dock and those on board are at last going abroad.—Harper's Weekly.

A Mean Man.

A very widely known clergyman in a town near to New York had the misfortune to lose his wife while the invalid was absent on a vain quest for health. His grief did not cloud his intellect. He went to the local railroad office and endeavored to persuade the agent to send his wife's body back to the city on her return excursion ticket.—Boston Saturday Gazette.

HOW MACARONI IS MADE.

It Is Eaten So Much Here That a New Industry Has Been Started.

Macaroni has taken a strong hold on the affections of food eating Americans, among whom New Yorkers are conspicuous. It is nutritious, digestible and palatable; also provides exercise and amusement.

The quantity consumed in this city during the past year, according to restaurant keepers, is in excess of the consumption of previous years to a remarkable extent. In view of these facts some Americans have sensibly taken to manufacturing macaroni. Whether the home-made product or the foreign is preferable will appear in time. It has at least the advantage that it is entirely machine made, and no such horrible suggestions apply to the American article as to the other.

One concern in this city has been making macaroni by the ton—or perhaps by the mile would more correctly convey the idea. A visit to the factory the other day brought to light many facts connected with the manufacture of this article. The art of making macaroni involves a somewhat intricate and tedious process—that is, American macaroni. The ingredients, so far as the superintendent was at liberty to make them known without giving away any of the tricks of the trade, consist of farina made from the very best hard wheat grown in Minnesota, Kansas and North Dakota. The grain is reduced to a farina of five wholly different grades and then mixed up in one common quality. These farinas are selected with regard to their glutinous properties, as that is the chief essential in the making of the paste from which the "pipe-stems" are formed. This farinola is made into a paste as hard and glutinous as india rubber.

The paste is first put through a mixer; then in a circular trough, around which a 2-ton granite roller revolves. This takes out any moisture that may remain in the paste after leaving the mixer. Then when thoroughly rolled it is lined around the sides of another circular trough and two cone shaped cogwheels proceed to knead and cut the paste in pieces, taking out the flaky veins and giving an equally smooth and glutinous body throughout. From the grinder the paste is ready to go to the cylinders, which turn it out perfect macaroni.

It is put in at the top of a round cylinder, the interior of which resembles the interior of a Gatling gun or the cylinder of a revolver. Through these holes run small rods which make the holes in the macaroni. As it comes slowly out of the bottom of the cylinder the man operating the machine spreads it over a clean board, and when a certain length has been spun out it is cut up and laid aside to allow more to follow. This is placed on drying boards on an upper floor, and for ten days it is kept on these boards, when it is ready for boxing and selling.

The spaghetti is made in exactly the same way, the only difference being that the cylinders which shape the stems are smaller. This same paste is also made into all sorts or shapes for using in soup, such as letters, figures, stars, animals and "elbows," or what the French call "coudes." They resemble exactly an elbow of a stovepipe.—New York World.

Incentives to Exploration.

Every year the hunt for the precious metals and the shining stones grows sharper until the plateau of Thibet and the farther isles of the eastern archipelago are almost the only likely places where the agents of European firms are not inquiring and prospecting and sending home concrete evidences that, if enough is spent and a sufficient area of unknown territory is diligently examined, there may be solid returns. The emerald seekers of Ecuador know the paths of its mountains better than geographers, and the hunters for gold will make known every ravine of the vast region between Cape Colony and Lake Nyassa.

Every year the demand for wood drives importers into more distant forests, while the enthusiasts of botany and ornithology are ransacking regions into which it was recently supposed to be death to enter. The Phœnicians of our day number whole tribes, and they are penetrating everywhere, exactly like their old prototypes, in search of spoils. Nothing stops the explorers for gain and another party will follow them yet, not longing for minerals or new drugs, but for great estates. Australia was not explored for exploration's sake, but to find lands fit to support great herds, and so will Africa be and the eastern archipelago.

The competition for great fortunes grows bitterly sharp, and this is a road on which adventurers need only daring, a certain capacity for command, and a resolve to explore such as was displayed in New South Wales by the Wentworths, who, twice beaten by the mountains, went on a third time, to become great nobles in the southern world.—London Spectator.

An Attractive Way of Placing Pictures.

Over the narrow colonial mantel of a young matron's room in her pretty suburban home is arranged a collection of what she calls "my treasures." The "treasures" are pictures of her two little daughters, taken at various stages of their short earthly careers of three and five years respectively, and arranged in irregular grouping around a central photograph of her husband.

"I had the wall above the mantel left unpainted when the house was built last year," the wife and mother explained, "and one of the carpenters paneled the space under my directions. Some smooth laths, stained to match the woodwork, furnished the frames, and I am sure I could have done the work myself except that the men were around and it was not necessary. It seemed to me such a good way to keep these pictures always in my sight, and I enjoy them every day without effort."

It should be further recorded that in the library of this home its owner prettily returns his wife's compliment by hanging a lovely crayon sketch of her over his desk.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

WOMEN'S HAIR IN A LARIAT.

A Fifty-foot Rope Made of the Tresses of Many Victims of Indians.

Living in the Wenatchee, a narrow valley putting into the upper Columbia river at a point called the Mission, because French priests years ago located there and taught the Indians, is an old Indian chief, La Pier by name, who has in his possession a remarkable souvenir. It is nothing less than a lasso of human hair fifty feet long and of variegated colors. The lasso is very old, just how old is not known, for old La Pier, who cowers in his cabin on the banks of the Wenatchee, is not talkative to strange callers. Only his priest of the mission who have known him long can get anything from him regarding the relic.

The lasso, however, speaks for itself if one gets his eyes on it. It is undoubtedly composed of human hair, and woman's hair at that. There you see the dark tresses of women who once were doubtless famous, locally at least, as brunette beauties. Farther along in the rope may be noted hair of brown and of auburn, and in half a dozen places of yellow. Hair jet black, straw colored and even red is shown, but the saddest of all to contemplate are the long tresses of gray and white which are twisted yards long in places in the lariat.

As had been intimated, old chief La Pier will not talk much about the lasso, but to the priests he has confided its grewsome history. The hair was taken by the savages from the heads of wives and daughters of pioneers. Many years has it been in the possession of the old chief. He will not sell it, no matter how much he is offered, and it is rare that he will show it to any one except a particular priest who has won his confidence.

To all others he is exceedingly reticent. He will scarcely talk of the rope at all. The lariat has been used many a time on the trail. Old La Pier's savage ancestors used to lasso buffalo in Blackfoot Valley, and when he got it he increased its length by the hair of several scalps he had. It is believed that probably thirty women have been scalped to furnish material for this fearful relic the taciturn chief has in his cabin.

It has come to be regarded as very valuable. The wily old Indian and his followers think there is some occult power attached to it, and it is rare that it is brought to the light.—San Francisco Examiner.

Negroes in Washington.

It will not be many years before the negro shanties in the heart of the city will disappear. They are already giving way to the march of wealth and splendor. In the northwestern part of the town small lanes dart suddenly away from broad avenues, and out of the rear windows of fine houses there are visions of small wooden dwellings, some of them hovels and some of them neat with paint and whitewash. Out of the lanes come trim girls with baskets containing some one's washing, or tumultuous small children, or the man who has made himself famous by crying through the streets, "I'm talkin 'bout debiled crabs."

A few modest homes of the thriftier negroes linger in the fashionable thoroughfares of Massachusetts avenue and Sixteenth street. Since fashion made its entrance into this quarter of the city the black men who were fortunate enough to purchase property there have held on to it with the tenacity of faith that fate has determined that they shall be as rich as the richest. So they will not sell until they are compelled by the stress of circumstance, which means, in this instance, the increase of taxes. Even then there are difficulties in the way, for the negroes are a happy-go-lucky people who have little knowledge of the forms of law, so that their property descends and passes from hand to hand without much regard to the laws governing the transfer of land.

Consequently titles are not always good, and the prudent white man who is desirous of building what the newspapers call a "palatial residence" does not like to invest his money in a piece of ground which, peradventure, may eventually turn out to belong to some one else than his grantor.—Washington Cor. Harper's Weekly.

The Right Time to Begin.

It was during a trip to the Mediterranean, when Admiral Goldsborough was in command of the fleet that the chaplain, a zealous young man, preferred request to hold services on board the flagship on Sunday mornings. The first Sunday after permission had been given the young chaplain's trepidation gave place to supreme satisfaction when he noted that with the exception of the admiral the officers and men of the fleet were assembled in full force. After waiting for a few moments for the admiral, who failed to appear, the chaplain opened the services in regulation manner: "The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him."

As the voice rang out in the opening words, the admiral walked on deck, and though his face betokened a storm he took his seat in silence and so remained until the congregation had been dismissed. Then he rose, and striding over to the chaplain, said, "Young man, I want you to understand in future that the Lord is not in this holy temple until I, Admiral Goldsborough, am on deck."—Kate Field's Washington.

Big Prices for Three Horses.

The next to the highest price ever paid for a horse in the world was $105,000, for which Axtell, the trotter, was sold in Indiana at the age of 8 years. On Jan. 11, 1892, Arion was sold by Senator Stanford to I. Malcolm Forbes, of Boston, for $150,000. That beats all prices. Charles Reed, of the Fairview Farm, Tennessee, gave $100,000 for the great stallion St. Blaise at a sale in New York in October, 1891.—New York Sun.

Panting for Fame.

It is Portland's proud boast to have the greatest variety of lavender pantaloons on its legs to be seen in Maine.—Bangor Commercial.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Have taken a great deal of medicine in my life but no remedy ever helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I consider the best blood purifier in the world.

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CURES OTHERS, Will Cure You.

THE MARTYR'S WIDOW.

Appeal Issued by a Committee of the A O H. to Enlist the Aid of the Patriotic in Behalf of Mrs. Daniel Curley and Her Children.

FELLOW CITIZENS: On May 11, 1883, Daniel Curley was executed in Dublin for alleged complicity in the Phœnix Park tragedy.

It was on the eve of the ninth anniversary of his execution that a refined and delicate lady called at a pastoral residence in Chicago to have a mass offered up for the deceased patriot the following morning. An accidental question revealed to the priest that his visitor was the wife of the unfortunate Daniel Curley and that she and her two bright and innocent boys were homeless in Chicago—that she was struggling against great odds to provide the necessaries of life for herself and her children. The good priest was astonished at the negligence of the Irish people in failing to make suitable provision for this family, which the patriotism and honor of the husband and father had left without a protector. He consulted some friends about the possibility of providing Mrs. Curley and her family with a comfortable home. One of the oldest and most respected priests in Chicago suggested that the matter be laid before the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The suggestion was acted on, with the result that this body, so well known for their patriotism, unanimously resolved to take charge of the matter, and accordingly an executive committee was appointed, consisting of the presidents of the different divisions under its jurisdiction, to devise ways and means of raising funds to carry out this deserving and laudable work.

At a full meeting of this executive committee the undersigned were instructed to issue this appeal to enlist the sympathy and the co-operation not only of the Hibernians of Cook County but of the whole Irish race.

When Daniel Curley was condemned on the testimony of the informer Carey, he was offered a large amount of British gold and his liberty provided he gave evidence to implicate others. The last two hours of his life were given him to consider the proposition, but he spurned the offer and accepted death on the scaffold rather than leave a dishonored name to his country and wife and children.

When Daniel Curley voluntarily accepted death for a principle—a principle, as he believed, of Irish nationality—his family became the wards of the Irish race, and it can be attributed only to lack of organized effort that so far our race has not done its duty in this case.

In the name, then, of that justice due Mrs. Curley and her children, in the name of the long list of patriots who have sacrificed life and liberty for the principles of Irish nationality, we appeal to the Irish race in Chicago and elsewhere to come forward in their generosity and help this noble undertaking.

All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged by the treasurer of the fund, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill., and will be published in THE CITIZEN.

LAWRENCE HENELY,
P. B. FLANNIGAN,
P. O'SULLIVAN,
P. DEVER, } Com.

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 230 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 965 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 720 Hiawan st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, 84 Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier Court No. 5—Geo Daniel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langrick, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N P Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 15th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—D B Quinlan, C R; Henry S Hewson, R S; W J Erler, F S; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 357 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 105 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Grimm, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 1441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 183 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 183 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 35 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3033 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J E Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 353 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 45, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Knahlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Loe, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seanon, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pure hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F H Montague, F S; M W Fola, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgeham, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tally, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 309 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagomia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Kiela, R S, 83 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lavreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 233 Sherman st; Frank A Knoura, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seits, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 239 W Thirteenth st; John McGhee, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond O Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Vena, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Parel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schmitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtenh, C R, 261 Webster av; Jas F Lunz, R S, 223 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] st; The Church of St. Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Keller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne sts.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Coalin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Fuoy, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 235 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 394 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cleero court; L A Latour, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 3:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brienzi, C R, 507 Southport av; Chas J Fingel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A John, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Our Lady Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Duquin, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3044 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 606 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

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St. Leo Court No. 47—P M Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

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Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

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St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGaan, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Keaney, R S, 2316 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2074 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; H H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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Div. No. 10—John R. O'Connor, Pres. 4722 Bishop st; James Small, V. P.; Denis O'Toole, Rec Sec., 4125 State st.; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec.; Wm Webb, Treas. 1st Sunday of month, Webb's hall, 5439 Wentworth av, 8 p m.

Div. No. 11—D. Kirby, Pres., 466 W Erie st. M. Lynch, V.-P.; T. J. Lane, Rec. Sec., 573 W Erie st.; M. J. Bradshaw, Fin Sec.; M. J. Corcoran, Treas. Meets 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts. 8 p m.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorris hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 3236 Fifth av; V.P., Lawrence Hensly; Rec. Sec., Con Houlihan, 37 Swift place; Fin. Sec, Wm Houlihan; Treas., Michael Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N. W. cor Thirty-seventh-st. and Armour av.

Div. No. 18—Pres., James Thomas, 3302 Parnell av; V-P., Daniel Daly; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 320 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Jeremia O'Hern; Treas., Charles Lynch. Meets first Thursday of each month at 3159 S. Halsted st., at 8 p m.

Div. No. 20—W. J. Doherty, Pres, 47th st and Centre av.; John McGeoghegan, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 4004 Ashland av; M. Ryan, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland av.

Div. No. 26—Pres, P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., John Kerr; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 343 Bristol st; Fin. Sec., James A Walsh; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m. at Shields'-hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, James Dolan, Pullman; V P, Wm J Carroll; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter J Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3612 Lowe av; V P, T. F. Doyle; Rec sec, James Gannon, 3756 Union av; Fin sec, Michael Hughes; Treas, M. Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month cor 35th st. and Emerald av.

Div. No. 36—Pres, John T. Keating, 5627 Jackson av; V. P., W. A. Cunnea; Rec. Sec., W. M. McMahon, 6933 Stoney Island av; Fin. Sec., P. D. Ryan; Treas, J. J. Egan. Meet 2d and 4th Fr days at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn av.

Div. 37—Pres, John P Doulley, 3230 Honore V P, Thos Kelly; Rec Sec, Michael McDermott, 3136 Wallace st; Fin Sec, M B Hoey; Treas, C. McInerney. Meet 2d Sunday each month in St. Bernard's hall, 66th st. at 3 p m.

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Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st, vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Peter Callaghan, cor Western & Archer ave; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney. Meet first Saturday each month at Larney Hall, Brighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Hermosa st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. J Keys; treas, F. Dougherty. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts.

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FATHER HAGAN'S Y. M. T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets second and fourth Tuesday each month at O'Neill's hall, 631 W. Lake-st. Pres, William J. Lamb, 7 Smart-st.; V.-P., John Daley; Rec. Sec., J. E. Clancy, 238 N. Wood-st. Fin. Sec., M. J. Hartigan; Treas., Wm. Close Marshal, John J. Hickey; Sergt-at-Arms, Jas E. McBennett.

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HOLY FAMILY T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Organized Sept. 6, 1870. Meets on the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. in Sodality hall, corner May and Eleventh-sts. Pres, John W. Clancy, 421 S. May st.; V.-P., Martin O'Connell; Sec., James Cleary, 362 Maxwell st.; Fin. Sec., Alex Cairns; Treas., William Colbert; Marshal, James F. Gallagher.

UNKNOWN TO HISTORY.

The Story of a Secluded Grave Where the Daisies Grow in Profusion.

They were boy and girl together. Like flowers that grow side by side without asking why or wherefore, these two had always been together, laughed and wept together all through the dream lapse of their childhood. One day they dallied in a field where daisies grew.

"Which is your favorite flower, Margie?" asked the boy.

"Why, Harry, don't you know? The daisy;" and she picked one as she answered.

"And why?" he queried further.

"Because they have hearts of gold," she said, "which means that they are true and faithful." And then they talked of other things, while overhead the new moon silvered in the sky and colored evening came. Soon after from the little cottage on the hill Margaret heard the calling of her name, and then the children said good night and went to dreams which only children know.

The years rolled on and brought their changes. The boy and girl were man and woman. The country was at war. The air reverberated with the echoes of cannonade on Sumter, in which ominous peal of iron thunder every man whose blood ran young and strong had heard the calling of his name. Harry had heard his and answered "Here!" and Margaret approved. They were engaged, and yet she bade him go. The wedding day was fixed, and yet she bade him go.

Oh, woman! how sublime thou art in moments such as these! Which blood, I wonder, will be thought most sacred on the reckoning day—the red blood of men shed amid the glory and the din of battle or woman's tears—those colorless blood drops of the heart—shed unseen amid the common places of existence! Which, I wonder, will be deemed the hero, he who gives his life and dies or she who gives her life and lives?

The night before he went Harry came to say goodby. It was soft and balmy and the moon was full. Margaret met him at the cottage door, and they strolled together in the meadow where the daisies grew. She picked and gave him one. "Take this," she said, "and wear it, Harry. Let it be the Mizpah of our separation—this little flower which we have loved together since our childhood. Let it be our emblem in the face of death—if death needs be—true to the last, golden hearted to our country and to one another. May God be merciful," she prayed and rested her head on Harry's shoulder.

He took the flower, but could not speak. What else they said, what else they did, is secret of the vagrant clouds and bended treetops. All that we know is that they parted on that stilly night. Yet no one saw the moon grow paler, nor heard the woodlands shudder, nor the night wind moan; not even sobs were heard—so noiseless is the breaking of a human heart, as noiseless and unheeded as the falling leaf in autumn.

The days—those days which seem as years—crept on and brought their changes. Harry was dead and Margaret slowly dying. At first he wrote each day, and then less often, and then for weeks there came no word at all. At last a letter came, and as she opened it a withered daisy fell upon her lap. She read as follows:

"It is the eve of battle; tomorrow we fight our first great fight. I shall place the daisy which you gave me in this letter when completed, and wear the letter next my heart. If I be of those who stay upon the field some friendly hand, I know, will speed this letter on its way, but if"——

She read no more. Her hands dropped listlessly at her sides; the letter dropped. Motionless she gazed, like one entranced, through the open window where she sat; she saw the field where they had picked the daisies in their childhood—the field where they had said goodby—the field where they should never meet again; then suddenly a darkness, as of moonless night, fell on her vision and she swooned away. Then came the sickbed, then the days of hope, of despair, and then sweet death.

* * * * * * *

Her grave is in the little churchyard of the village and bears these words:

DIED FOR HER COUNTRY.
MARGARET MAYFIELD,
AGED 23—1862.

Should you chance that way and want to see the spot, ask some one for the grave where daisies grow!—New York Times.

Perfectly Clear.

In Doctor Pierson's description of life in the southwest as he saw it many years ago—"before the war"—he speaks often of the peculiar turns of speech there prevalent. He was once present at an ecclesiastical meeting, where motions were piled upon each other until matters were in a frightful muddle. Finally the moderator was appealed to for a decision.

He rose from his seat, as became a presiding officer thus appealed to, and lifting his lank form till his head was among the rafters of the low school house he hesitated a moment and then said:

"Brethren, my decision is that you are all ahead of the hounds."

Doctor Pierson confesses that he did not fully comprehend the meaning of the words, but he could not help seeing that the decision was perfectly clear and satisfactory to the assembly.

Only One Clean Thing.

When Jones was at Oxford he was a most excellent fellow, and only had one enemy—soap. He was called Dirty Jones. One day the wag Brown went into his rooms, and remonstrating with him on the untidy, slovenly and dirty state of everything, said:

"Upon my word, Dirty, it's too bad; the only clean thing in your room is the towel!"—London Tit-Bits.

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Doctor—I believe you have some sort of poison in your system.

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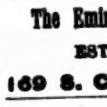

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Dated Chicago, August 25, 1892
ELIZABETH B. SCHON, Executrix.
Thomas McEneray, Attorney.

ESTATE OF JOHN DURKIN, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of John Durkin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October A. D. 1892, being the 17th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, August 25, 1892.
MARY DURKIN, Administratrix.
Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.

ESTATE OF LAWRENCE SEERY, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Lawrence Seery, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October A. D. 1892, being the 17th day thereof.
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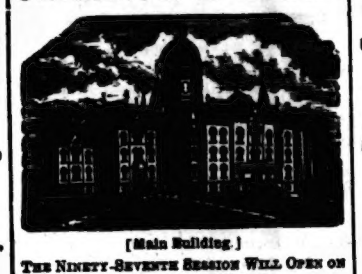

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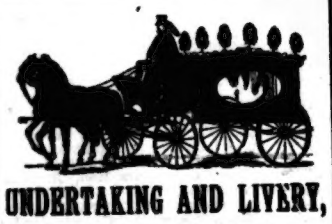

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